





lang="en">

Kyou Kara Maou - Mini-Mini 01-12

Table of Contents

1. [Mini-Mini 01 - Kyou Kara Maou! Merry Christmas](#)
2. [Mini-Mini 02 - Nighth-night oyasumi](#)
3. [Mini-Mini 03 - TANGO](#)
4. [Mini-Mini 04 - Put a lid on it](#)
5. [Mini-Mini 05 - The reception](#)
6. [Mini-Mini 06 - White cat](#)
7. [Mini-Mini 07 - side. Wolfram Yuri Murata; and side. Gwendal Conrad Gunter](#)

8. [Mini-Mini 08 - Because you are a kid who can do anything if you just try!](#)
9. [Mini-Mini 09 - Who do you ship?](#)
10. [Mini-Mini 10 - We're going on that trip](#)
11. [Mini-Mini 11 - Lucky Bag](#)
12. [Mini-Mini 12 - Let's Speak Keigo Night!](#)

Mini-Mini 01 - Kyou Kara Maou! Merry Christmas

There are a few spots here where someone says something in English and it's important/interesting that it's a different language so I've underlined those words.

It's kind of weird reading 3rd person POV stories with Yuuri in it. Not because it's usually his POV, but because in some of them his name shows up in the narration written properly in kanji (有利) as opposed to the katakana used in the dialogue (ユーリ). My guess is it's written that way because the people saying it don't speak Japanese and thus pronounce it strangely or they're saying the word in their language for July which is what Yuuri's name is supposed to be or a combination of both. Just calling attention to this because I'm pretty sure I haven't mentioned it and I haven't seen this mentioned elsewhere and I think it's interesting info~ Not entirely sure why some stories use the kanji and some don't, though...

I put stories with spoilers behind spoilers~ Not so minor this time around, but not huge. If you watched the anime then you kind of already know the spoilers, but it seems like things go down a little different in the novels

Conrad x Yuuri

"It isn't very impressive to just bring in events from Earth," Yuuri shrugged his shoulders in place of any preamble. "But I figured it would be okay as long as I left the religion out. Sorry for making you carry stuff. Oh, I'll carry that bag." He grabbed the beautifully decorated bag at the top of the stack of boxes that Lord Weller was carrying. The boxes are all wrapped in Christmas-like wrapping according to the orders of the earthling.

"I got the novel everyone is talking about for Günter... I don't know what it's about, though."

“Ah, it’s signed, the book.”

“As for Wolf... here, this! A little swan! He wanted a toy for the bath even though he’s an adult but I thought a ducky was too much.”

“He’ll be happy while also angry.”

“For Gwen I got a new winter knitting set.”

“He’ll definitely be overjoyed after the wrinkles between his eyebrows deepen.”

“I got a baby chick-shaped pillow for Miss Anissina. Isn’t it cute?”

“Yes. Although you can’t ask her to imagine what it will turn into when it gets bigger.”

“The problem is Greta’s present.” Turning his gaze to the dusky sky, Yuuri let out a long sigh. “What should I get? There’s no way an unpopular high school student would know what a girl hitting puberty would want.”

When he talked about girls, Yuuri always got a troubled and embarrassed look on his face. Thinking that Yuuri was actually the one being spoiled as he was trying to spoil the daughter that he had gotten through strange circumstances, Conrad smiled.

“She’ll be happy with anything as long as she knows that Your Majesty chose it.”

“I want the moon!” What do I do if she says that?”

“That seems like it’s something you’ve done.”

Skillfully sidestepping that with a ‘well...’ he returned his gaze to his neighbor.

“Do you want anything?”

“Me?” Caught off guard, Conrad failed to come up with a good answer. “I’m not unselfish enough to be able to say no without a moment’s pause, but... is that something you ask the person directly?”

“That’s how it is in Japan. Children write letters to Santa and the parents read it and leave a present by their child’s pillow during the night.”

“Hm, that’s efficient.”

“Don’t use such a harsh word. I’m talking about parents loving their children and wanting to see them happy. So? What do you want?”

“What does Your Majesty want? Oh, wait,” Conrad asked, sidestepping Yuuri’s question. “Just for now you can’t ask for world peace. Or if it’s something you don’t want to say to me, you can secretly write it in a letter.”

“It’s not about whether it’s a secret or not,” Yuuri said with a serious look as he stopped walking. “I don’t need anything. I’m playing Santa Claus. Santa Claus

doesn't get presents, right? The only ones who can make requests are the people receiving presents. So, Conrad, this is the perfect chance so say it." Lord Weller held his tongue and lowered his head, pretending to think for a little while. And then, his expression brightened and he spoke as if he had just thought of something.

"Maybe turf."

"Huh?"

"I was thinking that I wanted turf for the outfield in the ballpark. There is a type that is strong against the cold, but it's cultivated in a faraway place and the shipping expenses pile up. I thought it was wasteful so I haven't been able to say anything, but since it's Christmas I..."

"Turf!? Conrad, wait a mi-"

"Please give it to me." Lord Weller emphasized his request with a compelling smile. "That would be okay."

It wasn't even a question.

A few days later, bright green turf was spread out across the entire outfield at The Great Demon Kingdom National Baseball Stadium. No one was concerned with its name, but for some reason Yuuri was the only one who wanted to call it something embarrassing like Conrad Green or Lord Weller Field.

Conrad x Yuuri x Wolfram

After Yuuri and Wolfram entered the room, the two of them talked quietly to each other about something and, before the eyes of Conrad who was lying on the couch, they suddenly broke out into a conversation that resembled some sort of theatrical play.

"Um... Now I say hot tea is scaaary... Yuuri, why is hot tea scary? Is it because it's too hot and it burns your tongue?"

"No uh, that's not it. It's like asking for a cup after a meal, kind of."

Well it seems that they've memorized the lines but haven't quite grasped the

content yet.

“And then? Your Majesty, Wolf, will you be performing that play at the year-end party or the New Year’s party?”

“This is for the hidden talent competition... so don’t look, Conrad. Hearing spoilers before the performance will make it boring, won’t it?”

“Understood. Then I’ll look the other way. I’m reading a book anyway. Is this alright?”

They must have been satisfied because they started their practice again.

“I heard that walls have been built around the neighboring castle~.”

“Woow, Coool.”

“Don’t read ahead. And Wolf, the line isn’t ‘coool,’ it’s ‘whoa! A wall!’ Wall!”

“What’s a wall? ”

“... A wall,” Conrad interrupted and was met with harsh warnings.

“I told you not to look, Conrad! This is a secret.”

“That’s right, Conrart. This is private!”

“I wasn’t looking.”

“You can’t listen either. Cover your ears too.”

“Okay, okay.”

He covered his face with the book and lightly placed his hands over his ears. Even so, he didn’t even think about leaving the room. Even through his hands, he could still hear their voices.

Shouri + His Friend

[**\[Spoiler \(click to open\)\]**](#)

Hey, good evening.

This is the eldest son of the Shibuya family, Shouri Shibuya.

I was born on Good Couple Day, November 22nd. Sagittarius. Blood-type A.

Lately I’ve started to be asked questions like ‘Big Brother, are you a demon too?’ but... (1)

What are you talking about?

My hobbies are reading and collecting figurines. Oh, don’t misunderstand. I say figurines but I’m not talking about those figurines of pretty girls or anything like

that. I collect pets of the world and rare creature series and such. I just can't quit until I get all of the ***Ocean Temple Demon Series***. I was late to start collecting them and now they're treated like antiques. But, I won't stop until I get '***Otoroshi.***' (2)

My talent is, well, it can't be helped if you think that it's studying since I've been accepted into a national university, but I can't really remember ever struggling with studying for tests. Well, in the end I'm just thankful to my parents for giving birth to me with a high ***IQ***.

Actually, my father is the most successful amongst his colleagues at a foreign bank and my mother is an alumnus of Ferris. I myself am currently enrolled in a first-rate university and speaking of that first-rate university, Shintarou Ishihara is among my seniors so I also wish to become someone who will govern over the Tokyo Metropolitan area-no, I must become that person.

You're a citizen of Saitama, though.

Siblings? Ah, now that you mention it, I have one younger brother. One of them is more than enough. He's a stupid younger brother. All he reads are things like ***Baseball Weekly*** and ***Grass-lot Baseball Friends*** and he's a ***muscle-for-brains*** who only looks at the sports page of the newspaper and as an older brother I'm ashamed and disappointed when I think about how I'm related by blood to him. He needs to stop ignoring reality and figure out that he can't make a living off of just loving baseball.

Sundays while he was in elementary school were filled with rounding up people to cheer him on during matches. His position was primarily catcher, but he just never got picked as a regular and he was used mostly for pinch-hitting at the end of the game or as an outfielder. Honestly, just what was the coach thinking? That guy drew out absolutely none his potential... anyway, who cares about siblings. As for myself and sports... I went skiing when I was a kid.

Like in Canada?

That was from before my little brother was born. But, since I've managed to join a club, I'd like to try snowboarding as well. What else? I want to master ***golf*** while I'm still in school. After all, no matter what job I choose, ***golf will be a part of work.***

That's my general self-introduction.

"Shibuya, your introduction is just a liiiittle annoying. It's kind of, intolerable? You'll never get a date like that no matter how many parties you go to. You'll absolutely never get one by Christmas."

"What? What!? What part!? What part was annoying!? Hey, tell me. Was it the part about my brother? Do girls not like it when you have a bad relationship with your brother?"

"Your family is... is that what you think a bad relationship with your brother is like?"

"Yeah, it's bad. I really hate my little brother. I hate him so much he's the light in my eyes. We have such a bad relationship I figured I'd tease him by getting him a figurine of a Red Sox version of Matsuzaka... Hey, that's really teasing, you know!? I think he'll really hate tha-..." (3)

(1) Good Couple Day is a mnemonic for November 22nd. 11/22 -> 1122 -> ichi ichi fu fu -> ii fuufu -> Good Couple (as in husband and wife). It's one of those sort-of holidays where restaurants and shops have sales for couples.

(2) Otoroshi are demons who hang around the gates at shrines and kill/eat people who enter and don't respect the shrine or are just evil and mucking up the holiness of the place.

(3) Daisuke Matsuzaka was a player on Yuuri's favorite team, the Seibu Lions. He left the Lions to play for the Red Sox.

Greta x Cecilie + α

"Day one! After I got through that military meeting called dinner and got back to my room, there was this really pritty girl waiting on my bed! I got confused and rushed out to call for Conrad!

"According to Conrad, that pritty girl was a 'high-class prosstitoot' and someone

who kept rich men company for a living. I'm not very popular, so everyone in the castle got together and called her for me! But sadly I don't have enough guts to sleep with a 'prostitoot' so I had her go home for the night!

"Day seven! I got dragged out by Josak who just got back to the kingdom for the first time in a while and I ended up being taken out for a night on the town! Josak, who is used to playing around at night, brought me to a place like a bar where a lot of pretty ladies were!

"I can't drink alcohol so I watched the show while drinking juice then the ladies said I was cute and started to touch me! It was then that I finally realized it: the ladies were all guys! Shooock! They thought that since I didn't sleep with the 'prostitoot' I liked guys so Josak took me to this place!

"I absolutely do not like guys!

"Day eight! Yesterday Conrad was suuper angry! He said that 'Your Majesty is a healthy sixteen year old so everyone was just doing their best to take care of you!' But, when I said it wasn't necessary, he said 'That's right, huh?' and got a little bit less angry!

"I'm a baseball brat that channels 'sekshual desire' into sports so I spent the whole day playing catch with Conrad! And then, Günter came after having heard about it all from somewhere and yelled 'Let me be the one to dispel Your Majesty's 'sekshual desires!'" and threw a ball at me!

"Before I knew it, a bunch of soldiers from all over the castle came running yelling 'We need to help with dispelling His Majesty's 'sekshual desires'!' and started playing baseball! Next year they're apparently going to have the very first 'Sekshual Desire Dispelling Cup!'

"... I kind of feel like locking myself up somewhere..."

"Wonderful! Wonderful! You're really good at reading, Greta. The parts with His Majesty's feelings were so like him my heart sped up! Ah, but a father's diary always brings smiles no matter what age. When I was young, I read my father's diary in front of my mother. Ahaha, during the part where my father wrote a poem to his lover, my mother was so moved she cried. But, it turns out that that was the reason that the two of them separated two years later."

"Hey Wolf, have you seen my diary? I've been looking for it since yesterday, but I

can't find it anywhere."

"Which diary did you lose? 1: the gold diary. 2: the worldly desires diary. 3: the everyone-can-do-it diary with the bear cub stamp. 4: the diary of the seven robbed guys and big brother."

"N-number three. Three."

"Greta had that one. She was going to use it for her general reading practice. Just a while ago she went to go read it to Mothe-... Hey, what's wrong, Yuuri? They're just reading your diary. In the first place diaries are meant to be written with the expectation that people are going to read them, aren't they?"

Yuuri x Wolfram x Conrad x Günter

Life is a grab bag of luck, Yuu-chan. You don't know what's inside, what colors are inside, or whether it will look good on you until you open it. Lately there are some stores who let you look inside before you buy it, but Mama thinks that's heresy. It's not right for grab bags. Is the not-knowing what's inside that makes grab bags so exciting? Even if a scarf in an unflattering color comes out of it? Even if a dreadful miniskirt comes out? Even if...

"... that's what my mom said. She was acting like she was on the set of Forrest Gump with her 'life's like a box of chocolates,' but in reality she had just lost the New Year's lucky grab bag war and ended up with a bad bag... Hey now, why is there a sign on this room saying 'Lucky Bag Assembly In Progress Do Not Enter'? Demons have lucky grab bags too...?"

"We've had them for quite a while, lucky bags. We absolutely can't let uninvolved people see them being made so the process is generally not exposed much," Conrad explained.

"Ah, that's part of the system my mother supports about the inside of the bag being a mystery, huh? Well I guess that's true. If you find out what's inside you won't be as interested in buying it."

"What are you talking about, Yuuri? Lucky bags are things you excitedly open

and immerse yourself in nostalgia, not something that's bought and sold in a store," Wolfram said.

"Huh? Then where do you get them? In the mail?"

"You don't know how lucky bags are made!? This is why they say box-separating sons without common sense are useless."

"Box separating... what am I, a package getting shipped around?"

"Stop, Wolfram. His Majesty grew up in a different environment than we did. It's not unreasonable for him to not know. Your Majesty, lucky bags in The Great Demon Kingdom are containers that you put important things into and secretly bury in the ground in the middle of the night," Günter said.

"If you... bury it does something good happen? Does it sprout up into a flower with magic or something?"

"There's no way that a phenomenon that disregarded botany like that would happen. If any kind of flower blooms it would be when everyone gets together a hundred years later to open the lid. They say that a lot, don't they? That flowers grow from memories?"

"Wait, Wolf. That sounds a bit different than a lucky bag..."

"That reminds me, I feel like it's almost the time to open the lucky bag that Gwendal buried when he was a child," Günter said.

"Yeah, I heard that Anissina had already gone and opened it on her own. Josak said she was disappointed because it was filled with dog and cat collars for some reason."

"Hey yeah, that's not a lucky bag..."

"What!? She opened Brother's keepsakes in front of Gurrier!?"

"Um, like I said, isn't that just a normal time capsule... Wh-whatever! Time capsule, lucky bag, whatever! That aside, this room is where you're making lucky bags? What did everyone put in theirs? Let's see, Wolf's is... Huh? It's empty."

"That's because what's important to me is love and friendship. They aren't things you can stuff into a box or a bag."

"Wow, you said something kind of cool. You said something that's only okay because you're an orthodox pretty boy! C-Conrad, what are you going to put in yours? A cold joke to calm down the place?"

"A cold joke? Of course not. Hot, cool and witty conversation isn't something you leave behind written down. The spur-of-the-moment part is important."

“... Wow. So those jokes were overflowing with wit. Oh, but yours is empty too. Are you the type who thinks memories can’t be left behind in a physical form, too?”

“In my case, what’s most important to me is to step aside and watch over growth and to admire.”

“Ah, then you can’t bury that in the ground. You have to get a potted plant that you can keep in your room.”

“A potted plant...”

“What about Günter? What did you put in your lucky bag?”

“Unlike everyone else, I put in a lot of things. So much there was too much to choose from. Look, Your Majesty’s small portrait, Your Majesty’s personal scrawlings, Your Majesty’s drooled upon pillow, and then there’s Your Majesty’s hair, Your Majesty’s hand mirror with fingerprints, Your Majesty’s used hand towel and toothbrush. Ah, this is the piece of slate that Your Majesty scraped your knee on and blood happened to get on...”

“It’s kind of turning into a bag of evidence from a crime scene...”

Anissina x Gwendal

“Alright, Gwendal. On this day heading straight to the height of winter, I have reached a new level in magic-powered inventions and did a little research into the annual event called ‘Balentine’ from the land where His Majesty was raised.”

“What is that ‘Balentine’ thing? The name of a temple?” (1)

“Of course not. The proper name is ‘Don’t say that, it’s Balentines Day.’ His Majesty calls this ‘cocao.’”

“... Cocao...”

“They take the powder from berries from a shrub called a ‘caco’ plant and turn it into a granulated confection...” (2)

“Food... ugh, it’s bitter. Is it poison!? Have I been poisoned again!?”

“How rude. As if Poison Lady Anissina would use such a humdrum poison that you would instantly realize what it was the moment you put it into your mouth. It is not something bad for your body. That bitterness is the Balentine flavor.

Well wait, even though it is food, this is not the way to use it. Balentine personal trophy, come on!"

"... Personal trophy... Hey, hey hey wait wait. That animal horn – or thorn, those hooves, those round eyes, is that the beast that shows up in girl's dreams? A unicorn?"

"Yes, it is an uni. For all intents and purposes, they have multiplied too much and they are pests that lay waste to plantations."

"This is the first time I've seen a real one. It really has a lot of thorns... horns."

"Because it is an uni." (3)

"It looks like there's a lot of brain matter inside."

"Because it is an uni. Now step back, Gwendal! This is not the time to be entranced. Now we need to throw these granulated 'caco' beans at the uni for the Balentine ceremony! And mercilessly at that!"

"What!? There's really a ceremony like that!? Wait! Wait, Anissina!"

"Gweendaal, what are you doing in the corner?"

"*rustlerustle*... I-I will not forgive any evil person who would torment small creatures! Um, *rustlerustle*... I-I'm the strict, middle-aged warrior, Gwe Dal!"

"... Oh my. Gwendal, you really are *just* like your mother. But anyway, I have always thought you were incredibly slow at changing, but to have this much difficulty in putting on those scant clothes, what sort of horrible skil-." (to be continued)

(1) Balentine here is written in kanji (馬連太院) which is a mashup for the pronunciation of Valentine to show that Anissina doesn't really know what it is and is pronouncing it wrong. The reason why Gwendal asked if it was the name of a temple is because the kanji mean 'rubbing pad grand temple.'

(2) In the original Japanese, Anissina had misheard cocoa as 'edokko' which is a person who was born and raised in Edo, the old name for Tokyo. She misheard the plant name as 'okaka' which is a type of chopped up fish.

(3) Uni are sea urchins.

Murata x Yuuri

[Spoiler \(click to open\)](#)

“How about Las Vegas?”

“Huh?” Shibuya answered with bloodshot eyes and a gloomy voice as he took one of my french fries. He quickly dips it into the onion dip. All while saying he doesn’t eat french fries after I asked him ‘what about the sauce?’

“Okay, okay, you’re in a bad mood because you didn’t get enough sleep.”

“That’s not it.”

The reason he was in a bad mood wasn’t only because he didn’t get enough sleep. He was disappointed in his test scores.

As soon as the last of the final exams was over, Shibuya called me. From a friend’s cellphone.

When he couldn’t get to a payphone, he sometimes did that sort of thing.

Thanks to that, the email and phone number of that classmate could always be found in my phone’s call history without fail. In other words, my phone number was also in the other phone’s call history several times.

“This is bad! If things go like this I’ll be held back a year!” he yelled in a panic. I had brought him out to the station to have an intervention by telling him that there was something in this world called a make-up exam system to resurrect the defeated.

Coincidentally, my academic year had mostly ended last week. Compared to public schools, the schedule at private schools is faster.

“You can’t blame me. I tutored you properly before the exams and even offered my room to you yesterday because you said your brother kept on butting in at home and you couldn’t study. Despite that, what exactly did you do all night?”

“... Well your room is... too jam-packed with things.”

“To think that you were so weak against temptation.”

Shibuya groaned while lying prostrate on the table. He had spent all night entrenched in a new game console.

“You weren’t like that before, right? Wasn’t your room more suitable for studying for exams before?”

"I got a little bothered by that and tried rearranging. I cleared my mind, too."

"Even so."

"Anyway, what about Las Vegas?"

"What are you talking about? And what's up with you? Why are you saying carefree things like 'how's Vegas?' with all of these Rurubu and Mapple travel pamphlets piled up in front of you!?" (1)

"The graduation trip."

As soon as he heard those three words, Shibuya suddenly picked up his head. I can no longer see the whorl of hair on his head that was in plain view a moment ago.

"Huh!? The graduation trip!?"

"You don't need to freak out so much. Don't you have a passport? You can have Elvis sing you Love Me Tender in Vegas, you know. He'll be an impersonator, though."

"Wait a minute, Murata. Your school has a graduation trip at the end of the first year!? You don't go through second and third year before that or take any exams or do any job hunting!? Or are you forming travel plans for a trip two years from now?"

Planning events is the most fun part. Having my fun get rained on, my voice turned a little disgruntled.

"Alright then, the end of the year trip is okay too."

"Like I was saying, I don't even know if I can even pass this grade!"

"It's alright."

'How!?' he mouthed.

It seems like he's trying to say that my response sounded so irresponsible it took his voice away.

"Because you always have low self-esteem. But anyway, there are Bengal tigers there. You can see them 24 hours a day."

"I don't care about tigers. Forgetting that, how can you say that so decisively. It's a test / took."

Ignoring the picture in the guidebook, Shibuya leaned forward on the table. Right now, he might start asking God for an explanation even just for drawing a lucky fortune at a temple lottery."

"Whatever you say, you'll still pass. It's just that you're only focusing on the

questions you couldn't answer so you don't realize how many you just got right. You at least got enough to scrape together a passing grade."

"R-really?"

"That's what I think. Okay, so assuming I have airfare, I can just earn hotel fare and money for souvenirs over there. I'll definitely win at blackjack. That game is all about probability, after all."

"Aren't minors not allowed to gamble?"

"Oh, that's right. Shame. Then it's Switzerland. You and I were the only ones who didn't get to go last time. Ah, it's okay even if you don't get a part-time job. For the time being, I'll handle travel expenses."

"Wait!" Shibuya slapped his hand down on the table so hard the iced coffee almost bounced in the air. "Why are you talking about travelling all of a sudden? Because it's spring? Because it's the season? Or because you saw it on TV? You, did you write down overseas travel as a hobby!?"

I went too far. These emotions are hard to handle. If you don't know them then you won't want or yearn for them, but once you do, you can never let them go. Your biggest fear becomes being alone again. Friendship is like the drugs that that woman drowned in after losing everything trying to grab a hold of her dreams.

"... Was that too much?"

For the slightest moment, he almost asked what I meant. But, he immediately returned to his usual, honest expression.

"That's not it. It's really too much for you to take care of the travel expenses."

And then, after finally seeming to have calmed down, he spoke while taking a printout of the exam questions out of his bag and spread it out in between the guidebooks.

"Okay, let's go. Let's go somewhere. However, the schedule and departure are going to be after the make-up exams. And, our destination should be Izu or Hakone or somewhere a little easier for a first-year in high school to get to."

"Huh? I won't say anything bad about Izu or Hakone, but aren't places like that better for when you're older? We should go to Switzerland. *Switzerland*. Look, the Lion of Lucerne. And look, Matterhorn. It'll help you get a passing mark on your history make-up." I tap the bundle of pamphlets with my finger and try saying something like from a commercial. "Isn't it faster to just go see?"

"... You know, Murata," Yuuri says after taking the cap off of his red pen and putting it back on again in a meaningless gesture and sinking down into the prostrate position on the table he started out in. "What I'm worried about is math."

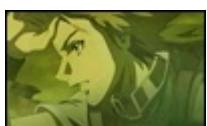
I wonder if I bought a guidebook for Greece.

(1) Rurubu and Mapple are travel agencies.

... Two of these stories were really kind of scandalous XD Anyway, there are four more pages of these. The third to last story is one with Adalbert and Maxine so I'm really interested in that one. Also, still haven't heard from Lrenne so I'm going to just start on chapter 3~

Tags: [kkm translation](#), [misc kkm](#)

Current Location: [Home!](#)



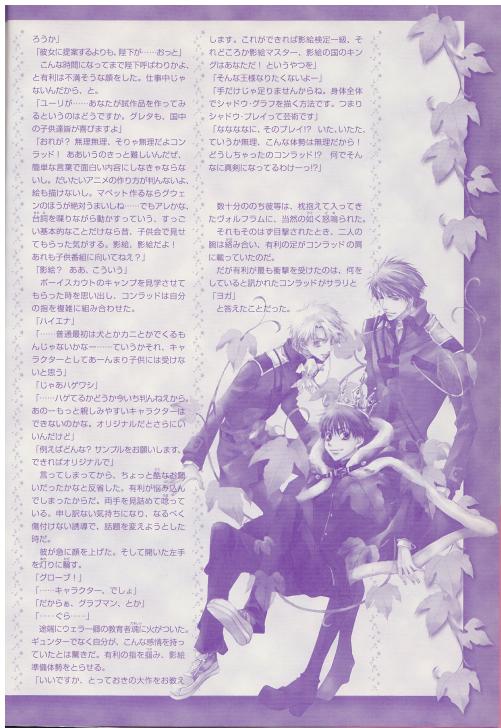
Current Mood: hopeful

Current Music: World's End by MUCC

Mini-Mini 02 - Nigh-night oyasumi

NightNight - Oyasumi[edit]

Short Story: Takabayashi Tomo Illustration: Matsumoto Temari



"It's quiet isn't it?"

He said to Conrad while looking out the window behind his shoulder.

It was the kind of night when you could hear the cracking sounds of frost. They were spending the time before bedtime peacefully in Yuuri's bedroom, and they were neither speaking a lot nor completely quiet as they each read a different book.

Time passed as they sat comfortably on spacious chairs, occasionally leaving a book on the desk, drinking warm tea and having short conversations.

Even so... what's up with the way he's drinking? Yuuri was holding the cup with his right hand, using the palm of his left hand to hold bottom, and tilting both hands slowly as he drank. It was as if this was the first time he was drinking tea

like an adult. And although it is the Japanese way of drinking tea, it was the cutest thing in the world.

"When there's no TV, it really is quiet."

"..... Are you uncomfortable?"

Conrad asked that question although he knew perfectly well what the reply would be. Yuuri quickly started waving both palms of his hands to reply negatively.

"No, I'm not uncomfortable at all! I don't hate doing things like reading books together. It's soothing. But I just didn't think that nights could be this quiet without a TV."

"TV?"

"Ah, look, I'm talking about that box with moving pictures in it....but, wait. Since you visited Earth, don't you already know this?"

"Although I know what it is, I was wondering if you were one of those kids who's always watching TV."

"I wouldn't say I watch enough TV to be called that."

He closed a mazoku children's book and sipped his tea. It's not good that you drink so much before bedtime. Lord Weller smiled bitterly.

"But without even noticing, the TV ends up being on until it's time to sleep. Even if no one is really watching. It's not ECO at all, that makes me feel guilty."

"What kind of shows do you watch?"

"Me? Stuff like baseball replays, sports news, major league replays...."

"I see, it sounds fun. It's all baseball stuff, right?"

"That's not exactly.... well, yeah I guess you're right. What shows did you watch when you were on Earth? Around that time when I was born, there were TVs everywhere, right?"

"That's right."

Leaving the closed book on his lap, Conrad folded his arms deep in thought. He never really relied a lot on TV, but that NEWS thing was quite convenient. It had

a lot information about the world he was living in at the time. It wouldn't lose against a pigeon^[1].

"Other than the news, I used to like documentaries. Watching sea turtles hatch from an egg and such. Did you know? Sea turtles cry when they lay eggs."

"Yeah, that's common knowledge in Japan."

"Is that so? Since I didn't know about it, without realizing, I started crying too because I remembered that pain..."

"Remembered that pain? Of... of laying eggs!? Have you ever laid eggs!?"

"No, I was remembering the time when I had my stomach cut open. It wasn't an egg, but my intestines were sticking out. Although now it's just material for a light joke."

"Don't laugh! Don't laugh about it like it's a light joke!"

"I also watched stuff like animation and children's shows. Like the one with those animal shaped dolls that speak. It helped me learn many words."

"Ah, the Muppets."

Yuuri broke into a smile while imagining something. He probably pictured Conrad chanting the alphabet sitting before the TV. Actually there was even dancing to match the pictures. Embarrassing songs and dancing techniques.... He quickly gave up those 'Exercise with Big Brother' thoughts^[2].

"But children shows are great. There are aliens in costume or anime characters that use words that are easy to understand. And the songs are really easy to remember! I see... it would have been great if I could have learned English like that. Then I'd be able to speak English beautifully and correctly like you... By the way, are there educational TV shows in Shin Makoku? Ah, since there's no TV there can't be any TV shows. Then, what about educational... theater? Is there anything besides Poison Lady Anissina?

"There are some things, but not many. Currently the focus is on books."

"I see... I was thinking I wanted to show something to Greta. I mean, there might be a demand for it, right? It would be a good idea to try and make some. In that case, maybe we should propose this idea to Anissina-san."

"Before asking her about it, your majesty...oops."

Yuuri made an unhappy face being called majesty at that time of the day. Because it wasn't working hours.

"Yuuri, you should make a prototype. Greta and the children from Shin Makoku will surely be rejoiced."

"Me? No way, no way. There's no way I can do that, Conrad! Doing something like that is difficult. It must have an entertaining content and use easy words. And I don't know how to make animation, I can't even draw. And when it comes to making Muppets, surely Gwen would be much better at it.... but there's that. Speaking while moving around, that really old way of entertaining children, and giving them something to watch. A shadow play! That would be a show for children, right?"

"Shadow play? You mean like this?"

Remembering what he saw that time when he went to a Boys' Scout camp, Conrad combined his fingers into complicated shapes.

"Hyena"

".... Don't people usually start with a dog face or a crab?... Or rather, I don't think that's the kind of character that kids would like."

"Then, a bald eagle."

"... A bald ... I don't know if that looks bald. But... can't we try and find a friendlier character? It's fine if it's an original character."

"For example? Can you please show me one? And make it an original one if possible."

His reply came in the form of a slightly difficult request, something he realized by Yuuri's troubled look as he was staring at his hands. Conrad felt bad about it. It was time to change the subject to try and not hurt Yuuri's feelings.

At that moment, he looked up. Yuuri was holding a lamp with his left hand.

"GLOVE!"

"It should be character, right?"

"Well, it could be Glove-man or something"

".....'Glove-man'..."

At that moment, Lord Weller's soul of an educator manifested itself. This wasn't Günter but himself and that feeling surprised him. He held Yuuri's fingers to get him ready to make a shadow.

"Listen, okay? I will teach you how to make a masterpiece. This is a top level shadow that will turn you into a shadow MASTER, the type that make people call you the KING of shadows!"

"I don't want to become such a king."

"And it's not just your hands, you'll have to use your feet too. In a way, you'll make a shadow with your entire body. In other words, this is the technique of SHADOW PLAY."

"W-w-w-w-w-w-w-what!? What PLAY is that!? It hurts! It really hurts!! I can't do it! There's no way I can make that pose! What did you do Conrad?! Why are you looking so serious all of a sudden!?"

After about ten minutes, Wolfram entered the room carrying his pillow, and started yelling as one would expect. What he saw was two people with their arms entwined and Yuuri's legs lying on Conrad's shoulders.

Yuuri was the one who got the worst part of the scolding, but when Conrad was asked what they were doing, he promptly replied:

"Yoga"

References[edit]

1. ↑ As in pigeon mail that carries information throughout Shin Makoku.
2. ↑ Exercise with Big Brother, 1961-1974 show for kids. This is like a new version of that: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K-jUCCcqAFA>

Mini-Mini 03 - TANGO

TANGO[edit]



"Who told Greta the lie that the Tango festival^[1] is an Argentinian celebration?! Thanks to that she ended up asking me "Are you an Argentinian child?"

"Wasn't it Anissina?"

"Ah, could it have been Anissina-san? Then, it can't be helped... Say Conrad, why is your younger brother inside a carp streamer? I wonder if he wants to be eaten by a Hiroshima Carp^[2]!"

"Who knows.... Lately, when it comes to that kid, not even I can understand

��林知先生 & 松本テマリ先生 特別書きおろし!!

DLGOUUE YU-RU & WOLFRAM & CONRAD
TEXT: TOMO TAKABAYASHI
ILLUSTRATION: TEMARI MATSUMOTO

him..."

"You know, no matter how cute he looks getting eaten up by that carp streamer, we can't let him continue this. Hey, Wolf! You know about that scary thing, right?! And knowing about the terrible curse of the Tango Festival carp streamers, you deliberately did it anyway?!"

"What's "deli-be- rate-ly"? Is it a "fruit"?"[\[3\]](#)

"No, that's "Souseki", but no, I'm talking about the legend that says that if you do not put away the Boy's May Festival dolls and the carp streamers, then you won't get married while you're young..."

"Eeeeh?"

"Your Majesty, that's the Girl's fes...."[\[4\]](#)

"On the other hand, if you leave the decorations in the back of the closet and never put them up, you will never be able to get married."

"What did you say~?!"

"That's why I'm telling you, Your Majesty, that's a tradition of the Girl's Fes... "

"I'm putting it away, I'll put it away right now! Yuuri, give me a hand!

"Woah, woah, woah, Wolf, you don't need to panic like that, it's fine if you get married a little late. I mean, you're already 82 years old, right? Ah, you're stepping on the tail, the tail! Anyways, your little brother sure has a strong desire to get married, huh?"

"This is the first time I'm hearing about this. I guess in that way, he resembles my mother, huh?"

"Don't you want to give us a hand? I mean, it's for the sake of the cute youngest son..."

"I'd rather not. Because I myself don't care about the formalities of marriage. Besides, if Gwendal and I were to help, we'd end up becoming the Three Tango Brothers[\[5\]](#)"

"Hey, Yamada-kun! You're going to have to take away Lord Weller's tatami and cushion!"[\[6\]](#)

References[edit]

1. ↑ The Tango Seasonal Festival is also known as Boy's Day (端午の節句) in Japan and it is celebrated on May 5th. It is one of the five annual Japanese festivals. Tango is also a dance from Argentina.
2. ↑ Hiroshima Toyo Carp is a baseball team, which is part of the Central League. (Remember Yuuri's a fan of the Pacific League)
3. ↑ So the word for "deliberately" (actually it's part of an idiom the word itself means violence or confusion) sounds a bit like the last name of the guy on the 1000 yen bill, Souseki Natsume. So Wolfram asks what "rouseki" is. And then asks if it's a fruit (jujube to me more precise). And the word for jujube is "Natsume" which is the first name of the guy on the 1000 yen bill. So the word goes from rouseki (deliberately/violence) to souseki (the name of the famous guy).
4. ↑ So, setting up and putting away the display for the dolls for Hinamatsuri (Girl's festival) is a drag. Japanese moms probably made told their daughters this so they would help clean up. XD Yuuri seems to be honestly mixing up this Girl's Day belief for a Boy's Day one (but then again, remember that he was forced to celebrate Girl's day as a kid)
5. ↑ XD Conrad!!! That song didn't exist when you came to Earth! How do you know about it!? Aaaaanyways... the "Three Dango Brothers" is a very famous song. Here's the story behind it: <http://web-japan.org/kidsweb/archives/cool/99-01-03/dango.html>
6. ↑ So there's an ancient form of comedy, where comedians tell jokes (puns really), wearing a yukata and sitting the Japanese way on a tatami. If they tell a good pun, they get a cushion to kneel on. If they tell a bad pun, a cushion gets taken away. The person who wins is the one with the most cushions. Yuuri is saying that Conrad's pun was so bad he should not only lose his cushion, but even the tatami. Yamada (Takao) is the host of a very popular comedy TV show that features this type of puns. Here's an image: http://stat.ameba.jp/user_images/20121104/19/cream-

[melon/cc/0a/j/o0640048012270350917.jpg](#)

Mini-Mini 04 - Put a lid on it

Kyo Kara Maoh: Special Short Story - Put A Lid On It

.....

.....

"Can you do any magic tricks?"

It came out of nowhere and Conrad was silent for a moment. Yuuri had disappeared for a few minutes, then came running back, the sound of his shoes clicking on the deck. The moment he opened the door, those were the first words out of his mouth. Conrad even forgot to beg Yuuri not to leave his line of sight.

"Sorry, you must be wondering why I asked that all of a sudden."

After Yuuri apologized, "Oh, no, you don't need to apologize..."

"No, it was too abrupt. It's just that you can do anything, so I thought you might be good at magic tricks too."

"Magic tricks?"

"Yeah. See this? Here, it's terrible."

Yuuri handed a single sheet of paper to Conrad. It seemed to be an advertisement taken off a pillar somewhere. The flyer must have been meant for children since it was written in big letters and short sentences. There were even some words that someone just learning the language, like Yuuri, could understand: Kids, Entertainment, Great tricks, Show, Let's Have Fun!

"By tricks they mean magic tricks, right? This is a luxury cruise ship, so there'll be

dinner with a magic show, right? Something the kids can enjoy. So I stopped a crewmember who was walking by and asked him what kind of magician would be performing."

Conrad sighed quietly. They had hardly left port, and yet his master, Yuuri, had already disappeared on him twice. Even though it was one of his charms, there was such a thing as being too energetic.

Even after he changed the color of his hair and eyes, Yuuri's appearance still drew attention. Though not as striking as Wolfram, he still stood out among the humans. It was a good thing that the crewmember was a good person.

Yuuri, himself, didn't even consider such things, however. He was in disguise, so everything was all right. He was a completely average commoner. With those feelings boosting his confidence, Yuuri continued his story.

"But according to the crewmember, there isn't a single magician on board! They weren't even planning on taking one on board. Can you believe it? They advertise a magic show, but they don't even have a magician on board! Who's going to perform? The bearded captain?"

"I don't know."

"Of course, not! So, Conrad, this must be a plot to defraud children. They tell them that there'll be an incredible magic show, so even kids who don't like boats will get on the ship. All for the selfish parents who want to spend a romantic evening at sea, or are too scared to get on a plane."

"In that case, aren't the parents the con artists?"

"It does turn out that way. Can you believe it? Parents are conspiring to with cruise lines to lie to their kids. For the sake of that show, the kids are putting up with seasickness and a long night of waiting. They must plan on telling them it was canceled at the last minute or something like that. It's unforgivable, right?!"

Yuuri was quite a picture, clenching his fists and breathing heavily, all for other people's kids, whom he'd never even met. In the first place, he called it fraud, but it wasn't even clear that there were any victims. A strong sense of justice is a good thing, but an overactive imagination can be a problem. Conrad wondered just how many children there were on board, bearing with seasickness in the vain hope of seeing this show, if any.

There was one adult on board, however, who could not bear seasickness. Conrad stopped unpacking their luggage and looked around the opulent stateroom. Wolfram, who had joined them on the ship via subterfuge, had taken over the entire luxurious bed. Following his glance, Yuuri quickly lowered his voice.

"Oh, sorry. I almost woke up Wolf."

"What do you plan to do? Conrad asked, suppressing his laughter. He could already imagine how Yuuri would respond, grabbing his shirt near the breast pocket, puffing up his chest, and declaiming in a strong voice, his eyes shining, despite their changed color. On top of that, Conrad even knew what he would say.

"I'm saying, Conrad, I have to do something about this!"

Conrad couldn't ask a question like, "Why must you, of all people, do anything?" And he didn't even try a bit of hesitation like, "I'd really like to help you, but..." However, it wouldn't be interesting to just respond with, "I understand," so as Conrad closed the lid to the suitcase, he said, "We'll do it together." Conrad, of course, wouldn't even allow himself a moment to make Yuuri feel guilty for getting him involved.

The plan that Yuuri had in mind was unusual for a shy person like himself. He proposed to master a magic trick - simple enough for even a beginner to learn - before dinnertime. Then he'd gather the children around and show them the trick. According to him, the difficulty of mastering the trick in a very short time

was nothing when compared to the sight of innocent, smiling faces.

"I wonder what kind of magic trick kids would like. Maybe something like pulling a dove out of your sleeve, or a rabbit from a hat?"

"It would be best to have something that looks fancy, but is actually a very simple trick."

"I'm asking just to be sure: You do know what magic trick is, right, Conrad?"

"I saw a show once, in Las Vegas. How about you?"

"Magic? Of course, I do. I've seen it many times. When it looks like someone will win the championship, it lights up. You start to get impatient whether it's lighting up for you or not."

From his tone of voice, he was probably talking about baseball. Conrad never knew there was a related term that sounded familiar.

"And then there's when a batter hits a homerun right along the base line, and it goes foul. At the last second, or when he doesn't even hit a breaking pitch, but gets a strike instead."

"That's more like misjudgement than magic. Oh, don't start getting depressed by your own words. Get hold of yourself, Yuuri. You're going to do a fun magic trick that will make the children happy, right?"

"R-Right."

Pushing himself up from the suitcase he'd been leaning on, Yuuri stood. AS he did so, he seemed to have an idea. He stroked the leather box. It looked big enough to hide a person.

"I think it has to be the box."

"What about the box?"

"The one where you put a beautiful girl in a box and then stab it with a bunch of swords. It's a pretty common trick, but my heart starts pounding every time I see it done. You wonder if the girl inside is okay. Man, it was pretty exciting for me as a kid."

"Oh, that.," Conrad nodded, a smug look on his face, and pointed at the suitcase he had just unpacked.

"Let's practice a little. Come on, get inside. I'll you carefully from the top."

"What? I'm the one who's going inside?"

As Conrad pulled his sword from its sheath, Yuuri's face started to change color. He stepped back, away from the box.

"I-I don't wanna die."

"It's all right. Trust me."

"No, no, it's not a matter of trusting you! You can't tell by just watching, but there's always a trick to magic. It might look like the guy is just stabbing the swords in, but he makes it so the girl can avoid them inside. If we do this," Yuuri tapped the leather suitcase, making a loud, hollow thump, "using this normal box without any secret tricks, then you'll definitely stab me in the throat."

"Hmm. Perhaps I should go inside then."

"Huh?"

"It's all right. For you, I won't hold a grudge, no matter where you stabbed me." Conrad tried to say it with a smile, but Yuuri didn't catch the joke!

"Hold on! Magic tricks aren't about enduring pain!" He seemed to be afraid of actually piercing something with a sword. Yuuri waved his right hand in front of his face and desperately started to fish for an excuse. "Besides, no matter who gets in the box and who stabs it, even if we do it right, I'm not sure the audience will be satisfied. Then we'd really have some pain to endure."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, yes. I think it'd be more exciting for them if we ask someone from the audience to help."

"Oh, then please choose the body builder lady, that gu... person who walks around wearing a shirt that shows off her bulging biceps. She won't complain either, no matter where you stab."

"Th-there's no way I can do something that horrible to a woman!"

Conrad saw that no matter what, he'd never be able to do something dangerous to another person, whether man or woman, so he said nonchalantly, "It can't be helped, then. Then let's forget about the box-stabbing trick altogether and try miraculous teleportation, the illusion of escape."

"Illusion... Conrad, you mean--"

"It's all right, leave it to me. I've seen it done a few times. Let's use this suitcase as it is. Just get into the box, and I'll tell you how to get yourself out."

"What? But, you're not even psychic or anything."

Even so, Yuuri opened the suitcase, which had been full of clothes not long ago, complaining under his breath. He must have thought it would be safe as long as there was no stabbing involved. Swinging his legs one by one into the box, he sat down in the center, hugging his knees. There was easily enough space for a

grown man to crouch inside.

"Now what?" Those eyes looking up at you would make anyone want to sympathize with him, but now was the time to have a heart of steel, or rather to become a stern guardian. Conrad quickly closed the lid, and fastened the lock with a click.

"I've caught you now."

"Huh? What? Hey, wait! Wait a minute!" What do you mean you've caught me, Conrad? How am I supposed to get out?! What part of this is the illusion of escape?! Don't tell me you planned to lock me up all along?!"

Even though Yuuri was generally a bit slow on the uptake, he quickly realized what was happening and started to bang on the wall of the box from the inside. It was quiet at first, but gradually became louder as he got desperate. Conrad could even feel the vibration through his shoes.

"I really don't want to do this, but unless I lock you up, you'll just keep disappearing."

"Huh? What are you talking about, Conrad? Don't tell me you're mad because I went to explore the ship by myself without telling you! I can't help it. It's common knowledge that you should check for emergency exits when you're staying in a new place! Besides, we won't have time to learn a magic trick by dinnertime if you waste time playing a childish prank like this!"

"Knowing where you are is more important to me than the illusion of escape."

Conrad knew there there'd be no end to where he'd go. There may be doors obstructing his direct route, but he'd break them down no matter how many times he had to hit them. Conrad sat on top of the box and decided to enjoy the muffled voice, at least, for now. He knew it wouldn't be long before he gave in and opened the lid. Of course, he would be the one to give in.

"By the way, Your Majesty, here's what was written on that piece of paper
'Summer vacation! A fabulous cruise with entertainment for kids of all ages. Let's have fun this summer with fishing during the day and fireworks and a magic show with great tricks at night!' It does sound fun, but Yuuri, I have bad news for you."

"Wh-what?"

"The summer season in this area is extremely short. It ended before we even arrived."

"What do you mean?!"

"I mean..." Conrad pounded with a fist on the top of the suitcase.
"Unfortunately, on this trip, there will be no fireworks or magic shows."

Though Conrad wasn't sure whether he had been listening to their conversation or not, Wolfram, who was supposed to have been sleeping, slowly got up and muttered, "They just forgot to take down the poster>"

That's a direct way of putting it...

~*~

The End

I really loved the special short story "Put A Lid On It" by Tomo Takabayashi-Sama, and haven't seen it posted anywhere on the Internet, so I thought I'd post it for Halloween. I hope no one's read it before today, and that you've all enjoyed reading it. It was the only way I could think to "treat" you all for Halloween.

Now, for my commentary... ^^

It was funny, the way Conrad let Yuuri go on and on about learning a magic trick so that he could put on a magic show for the kids on the cruise ship. Conrad really seemed like a clever adult, humoring Yuuri to the point that it allowed him to take advantage of him and trick him into getting into the suitcase. I kind of saw it coming when I read the sentence about being too energetic. It gave the impression that Conrad didn't have the energy to keep tabs on Yuuri - especially since this was the second time he'd disappeared on him - and a seasick baby brother at the same time. I saw the wheels turning in Conrad's mind, and when Yuuri suggested the box-stabbing trick, it provided Conrad with the perfect solution to his problem. I just can't believe Yuuri fell for it. Lol.

I really wish this special short story was an ova. It'd be fun to watch Yuuri climb into the suitcase and get trapped inside by Conrad, and listen to him pound on the wall of the suitcase and beg Conrad to let him out. Yuuri really is cute sometimes. Either that or Yuuri's just bringing out my inner sadist. He has strange effects on people. Lol.

Mini-Mini 05 - The reception

The Reception[edit]



A certain someone was in heaven.

Heaven is a great place, it's very comfortable and it's never too hot or too cold. People are always greeted with a smile and there's a dining table with delicious dishes lined up so that no one is ever hungry. But when he arrived at the table, only a long spoon was placed before his eyes. The handle was too long and one couldn't carry food to one's mouth. And the reason for that was this. That long spoon wasn't there for him to eat his own food, but to use it to feed the person sitting opposite to him.

"... and you know I have a nice little story for you."

A silver spork was stretched before his face, with some unknown red thing placed on it and at the other end of it was Saralegui's smiling face looking at him.

"Here you are, Yuuri. Say aaahn."

"Don't you have a shorter spoon?"

"I said, say aaaahn."

"Uh, if you gave me a shorter spoon I could eat by myself. I'm not a three year old."

"Oh, Yuuri."

The pale cheeks of the king of Small Shimaron faintly gained some color and his brows furrowed as if he was pouting.

"I was just trying to make you feel welcome in the very best way we have in Small Shimaron. In other words, this is..."

Saralegui smiled.

"... entertainment^[1]."

"This is.... enter... tainment?"

The very best form of entertainment between two males of a certain age is for one of them to go 'aaaahn' for the other one? Fed up with what was going on, I turned my head away from the red food. It was just too embarrassing.

".... I see, so you won't accept eating off my spoon, ne?"

Saralegui muttered those words as an old salary-man would and let his head hang down looking sad. His wilted appearance was a painful sight.

"Ah, no, don't exaggerate..."

I gestured no, waving my hands quickly before me. Well, if you think about it, he wasn't just a boy of approximately my same age, but the king of a country, a large, powerful country, who was offering to feed me. Perhaps it was some exceptional type of special SERVICE^[2]? Besides even though he's a male, he has an androgynous look and his fingers are neither hard nor hairy. That was important. Hairy fingers. Without them, even sushi tastes different.

"It's just that.... it's sort of embarrassing don't you think?

"What is?"

Saralegui asked tilting his pointy chin, his blonde hair flowing to a side. He appeared to be asking that question sincerely.

"It's the finest form of entertainment for a national guest. If you were to reject it because you thought it was too embarrassing, then I...."

"Rejecting? Is it...(such a big deal)?"

This took a turn for the worse. Since the person before me is the king of a large country, I should apply the popular saying that goes 'Between CELEBRITIES, act like a CELEBRITY'. If I refuse to take a bite off the food that's being offered to me by such a prominent person, even if it's embarrassing for me, it would be rude, and could start an international problem between the nations. At this point, I was upset too. I had forgotten that I could be perceived as being hostile by refusing to accept the entertainment and that this could cause the relationship between Small Shimaron and Shin Makoku to go sour. At that time, I didn't have a companion to remind me of this.

I took in a deep breath preparing myself for the humiliation that was to come.

After all, I'm a man, and on top of that a catcher who's been warming the bench for a million years. I should be able to take one or two humiliating forms of entertainment without getting disheartened. I should be able to take both curve and straight balls. So now I had to take this "Evil ball · Say aaahn" without getting upset. It's easy. Just throw the food that's in the other person's spoon into your mouth. It should be easy.

God, I beg you! Please don't let Wolf go nuts over this and if you pity me for taking this sort of humiliation for the sake of my country, then please let me earn an impact point on the next game. Ahhhn~(Amen).

"A, ahnn."

"Oh, this form of entertainment is boring..."

Eh?

The red food that I was going to have to endure, changed destination and

ended up in Saralegui's stomach.

The person who was perpetrating the entertainment, waved the empty spoon around while resting his chin on his hand.

"Come to think about it, since we've only just met, it's time to get to know each other better, ne? Let's try to get acquainted with a more informal type of entertainment. Not in this formal, grown up fashion."

"Huh? This was acting like grown ups? 'Saying aahn' is an ADULT type of entertainment!?"



After entering the room which I thought were my sleeping quarters the door closed and Saralegui, who was right behind me, locked it behind him.

"Why, why did you lock it?"

"It's just that it would be troublesome if someone were to see us."

Something that would be troublesome if someone else saw, or rather, wait! what sort of entertainment is this? Is it an honest type of entertainment, and if so why would it be troublesome if someone else saw it!?

While my brain was screaming, he walked to the corner of the wide, luxurious room and came back pulling a small wheeled WAGON.

Poles and rods were mixed with thousands of big and small planks.

"What's this....?"

"My history."

What I thought were planks were actually portraits of different sizes. The one featured in them was Saralegui and other people who surround him. Some of them showed him from the waist up, but most of them depicted his whole body. There was also one from his childhood that showed him sitting on the lap of a man who was apparently his father. They were, so to speak, family photos. He began to put the ultra-realistic paintings in order from oldest to newest.

"Hee, awesome, huh?"

It was awesome, but.... was this entertainment?

From my point of view, it felt more like what you do with your boyfriend/girlfriend when they visit your room for the first time. Showing them an album of pictures from your childhood that you normally wouldn't show anyone.

"Thirteen years old, fourteen years old, fifteen years old..... and this is from when I was sixteen, it's rather new, ne?"

"Uhaa!"

Crap! What assaulted my field of vision made me jump and raise my voice. I saw something I shouldn't have seen. Goodness, it was Saralegui in the leopard POSE that gurabia idols often strike[\[3\]](#).

I understand now. This is why he locked the door.

Did something happen to Saralegui at age sixteen? His portraits suddenly changed drastically.

Saralegui standing still by a window, Saralegui and a rose, Saralegui with rose petals spread over his stomach, Saralegui in second baseman POSE, a crying crab and a playful Saralegui. And then one of him wearing a COSTUME he seemed proud of.

"Those clothes are beautiful, aren't they?"

"Ah, yeah. Those seashells.... and fig tree leaf, it's quite... intricate, huh?"

He was pretty much almost naked. I think pretty much almost naked is syntactically incorrect, though. And despite having all those paintings before me, I couldn't quite understand the circumstances that surrounded them. In other words, if you were going to have a naked portrait, just be naked and get it over with! And if you wanted to cover yourself, then just cover yourself properly! Don't be relying on starfish and algae for those purposes.

"T-this is...."

"I had it drawn. It's beautiful, isn't it? So artistic, ne?"

"Uhm, yeah."

"I mean, beautiful things should be preserved as they were during the time when they were beautiful, ne?"

"Hahaha.... Sara, you're so clever."

Wait, really? Isn't that just something that a smooth talking photographer would say to deceive you? But since this is the explanation he gave, he must really believe it so it can't be helped. However, since I'm the type who doesn't believe that my body is very artistic, when asked about it, I force a smile to pretend agreement.

Even so, this is a weird type of entertainment. No, actually being confined to a room with someone who's showing you same-sex naked.... SEXY SHOTS, isn't that called sexual harassment rather than entertainment? I'd be enjoying this if there were some big muscles in them, though.

"Does everyone in Small Shimaron have these types of erotic... nude portraits of themselves?"

"Everyone? Of course not. Only those who understand art."

I clutched my chest in relief. Thank goodness, I couldn't help but think about the type of portraits Cropped Pony Maxine would have of himself otherwise.

"In my country there's a nude portrait painter who is so good people say there's no one better than him. Yuuri, by all means, you should get one of these too. And actually, I asked this person to come here today for you."

"EH!?"

As Saralegui was unlocking the door to call in the painter, I desperately stopped him.

"Waitwaitwaitwaitwait~! Taking my clothes off, taking my clothes off!? I mean, I don't want to leave behind such an embarrassing...uh.. aa...artistic painting of me. I absolutely don't want that! I still haven't successfully sculpted my body! I don't want the image of my body lacking muscles recorded in a gurabia-KING painting for the rest of eternity."

"Then you don't even want one painting?"

"I have been drawn naked from the waist up before."

And at that time, even though I was wearing a suggestive outfit, the personal style of the artist saved me. Anyone who would see that Shigaraki-style raccoon wouldn't even care about the breast size. The line-of-sight is supposed to aim directly at the groin. But since I was wearing a grass skirt, then it's all right. I was completely safe. Now that I think about it, that may have been Wolfram's selfish-puu consideration towards me.

"I see.... you hate the idea of leaving behind a painting of yourself...."

Saralegi put his index finger to his chin and walked behind me, pensive.

"I see, then it's also too soon to have this type of entertainment, ne?"

"Okay, look Sara. Sara? I don't really want any particular form of entertainment, but if you want your guest to feel welcome no matter what and you were to say that you have to do so to preserve your PRIDE as the king of Small Shimaron.... you could just try ... you know more average ways of making a guest feel welcome. Like offering them a beautiful meal, preparing a nice bath, a comfortable bed, and such."

"I see!"

He clapped his hands and raised his head. His voiced changed and sounded happy when he said:

"There's still the bath."

"Mn? Ah, yeah, but I've already enjoyed a bath."

"But you didn't get scrubbed (araikko), right?"

S.... scrubbed? (araikko) Uh, was that the scientific name of a type of sea otter that lives in the Amazon?

"You mean having my body washed by someone else...?"

"That's right. According to Shimaron culture, that's what makes a perfect bath. I want you to let me wash your back. You're not going to tell me again that getting to know someone better by getting naked with them is also embarrassing, now are you?"

"Uh.... actually that's also..."

"That's right, entertainment! You won't be declining this time, ne?"

Saralegui smiled as he returned with a sturdy deck brush in his hands.

References[edit]

1. ↑ The word being used here and from here on, "entertainment", is the same word we can find in the title, which is 'settai' in Japanese. But in the title the word THE in English was included so "THE reception" sounds better. In the rest of the cases, using entertainment sounds better. Settai is 'business entertainment' or 'entertaining politicians'.
2. ↑ The word 'SERVICE' has several meanings in Japanese, from being able to serve someone, to giving someone a freebie, or even helping someone out. I kept the English word, because it has naughty connotations.
3. ↑ Gurabia Idol: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gravure_idol Leopard pose (woman in swimsuit): http://my-trendy-news.blog.so-net.ne.jp/_images/blog/_397/my-trendy-news/E382A4E383A1E383BCE382B8708.jpg

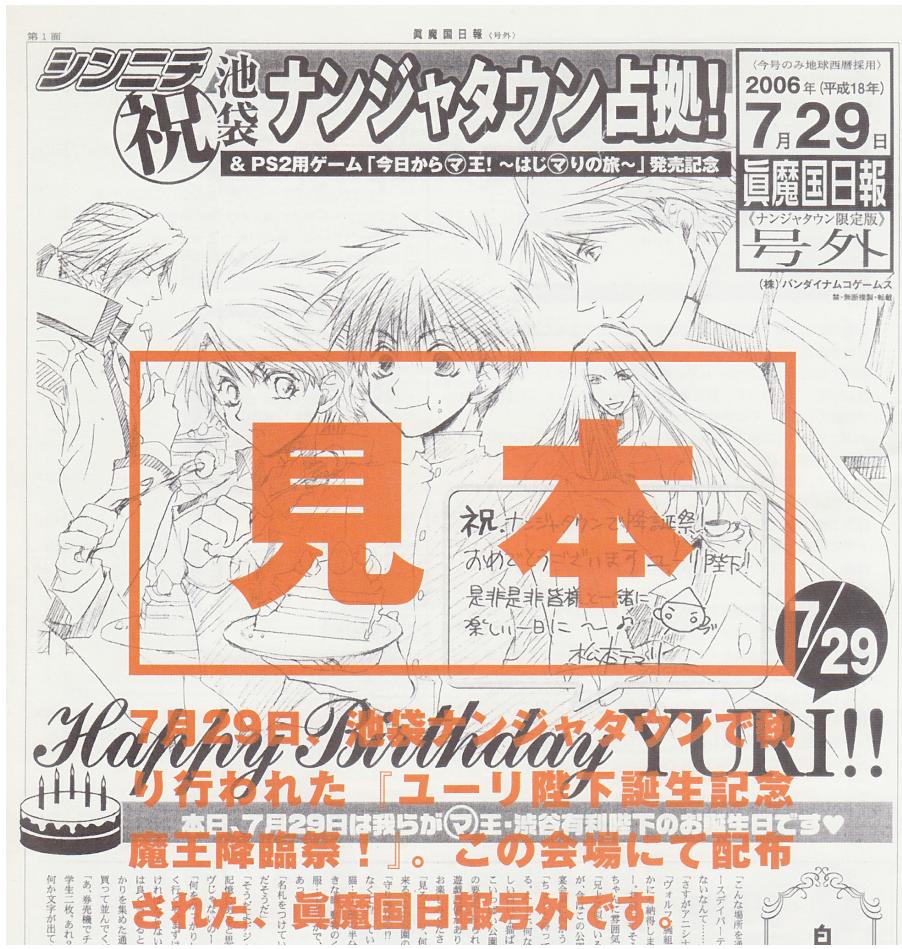
Mini-Mini 06 - White cat

White Cat[edit]

(Thinking as Yuuri) ...If we say white cats, we're saying LioNS. But today...?

By Tomo Takabayashi





"If I don't go through this place, I can't reach the area where they're having my BIRTHDAY PARTY...."

"As expected from Anissina, she really is a genius with traps, huh?"

"Wolf, why are you folding your arms like that? Don't say it as if you agree with this. When you act like this, you look exactly like your older brother."

"It makes me happy to hear you say that I look like my older brother, but now is time to go through this park quickly to get to the place where they're having the celebration."

"Wait a second! There's something written here. Uhm... let's see... "This is the park where cute little white cats gather called "Park Packed with White Cats" (temporary name). This park was built after a certain person's request and it has different types of attractions. Please have fun."

"Look Yuuri! There's something approaching as it walks heavily. It seems to be the guardian deity that protects this park."

"A guardian deity? Isn't it the park's mascot? Or rather, this huge white cat....."

with eyes that cover half of its face, and although it's animal it has very stylish clothes I think I've seen it somewhere..... Ah!"

"It has a name tag. Its name is DEJA VU."

"You're right. It's DEJA VU! Ah, no wonder I remembered it Ehhh, wait.... it's not NAJABU^[1]?"

"Why are you disappointed Yuuri? Let's hurry up. First we have to get through this area. Ah, this is the street where accurate, famous fortune-tellers gather. 'Please buy a ticket at the vending machine and line up.' "

"Ah, you have to buy the ticket at the vending machine. Uhm... 'Two students'. Eh!? Instead of tickets, I got a piece of paper with something written on it."

"What is it? What does it say?"

"...'Your fortune'..."

"...I see. It's because it's a fortune telling machine. "

"Gah! If it wasn't going to sell me tickets, it shouldn't have said I had to buy tickets in the first place!"

"You ended up getting your fortune told instead of just getting the ticket and waiting. Let's hurry up and get to the next area."

"Hm? What's that? It smells sweet and tasty."

" Hey! Why are you smelling me?"

"No, I just thought it was your perfume."

"I don't wear that sort of thing. The explanation is right here. Uhm... 'This is where you can find the most famous jelly desserts in Shin Makoku, this place is called: 'The Dictatorship of Sweets After a Meal.' "

"It's not a republic!?"

" 'The dictator that rules this area is going to force you to eat today's recommended sweet. The guest has to eat it with tears of happiness and gratitude. What the dictator might do to you otherwise, depends on his mood on that day.' "

"Wah! He's like a real dictator. Or rather it's just a 'Pastry Chef

Recommendation'. Anyways, is this today's dessert? All right, then, let's eat....!
(crack)"

"What's wrong Yuuri? Why are you crying while your teeth are still stuck in the dessert? Oh my! The explanation continues. It says 'This park doesn't have a formal name yet. Do you think you can use your good taste to think of one? For example, "City oo (maru-maru^[2])" would be a nice name too, right?' What do you think Yuuri? Do you have any good ideas for the name?"

"W-What tha heck is thiiiiiiiiis!? (Nanjakoriaaaaaaaaaaa) It's harder than stone!!!"

"What? Would you like to call it City Nanja?.... What happened Yuuri!? Why are your gums bleeding even though you didn't bite an apple !?"

References[edit]

1. ↑ ナジャヴ <http://www.namco.co.jp/tp/namja/story/>
2. ↑ Maru-maru means "City 'something-something' "

Mini-Mini 07 - side. Wolfram Yuri Murata; and side.

Gwendal Conrad Gunter

Conrad is such a troll. He is.

These are the first three pages of the SSS stories. There are 11 altogether. It was a random number of pages to translate, I know, but I got to the last one and needed to post it immediately XD Anyway, I thought I'd just start on this while I waited to hear back from Lrenne~ These stories are really longer than I thought they were. I mean, they're still short, but the way they're arranged on the page makes them look a lot shorter.

Anyway, there *might* be a minor spoiler in the first story with Josak and Gwendal, but I also feel like there's a 99% chance that this is the first time it was mentioned (and it's also super minor and non-plot related) so I'm personally not counting it as a spoiler. Like, you could read it and not even know wtf I'm referring to. I put it behind a clicky thing anyway. The rest of these are spoiler free!

Also, each page seems to have its own little theme and the stories on any given page are related so I marked where new pages begin with ..~ type things.

Josak x Gwendal

[**\[Spoiler \(click to open\)\]**](#)

“I told you I wanted to talk outside the castle because I didn’t want to be overheard.”

Lord von Voltaire placed his long fingers on his forehead and closed his eyes as the wrinkles between his eyebrows deepened. The ladies loved this troubled look on him. Of course, in this place it was the same for even those people who were

ladies only by their clothing. Sighs that sound like lovestruck girls come from far away seats.

“... Who said to use your shop?”

“Oh? But I thought that the location and structural architecture were perfect.”

Josak sat across from Gwendal with a cup of alcohol in his hand. Contrary to his boss, he was extremely happy.

“And besides, this isn’t my shop. There, he’s the manager.”

“You’re the one who employs the manager. Did you think I wouldn’t notice what sort of job my subordinate has?”

“Oh, so you found out?”

Side-jobs weren’t expressly forbidden so he’s not worried that he’s been found out. Rather it was his boss, Gwendal, who was clearing his throat uncomfortably. It’s to be expected as the shop that Josak was presiding over was a specialized entertainment venue where men in women’s clothes served the customers. Here and there in the quite large inside of the shop there were men in drag watching the pair’s exchange. He could also hear excited whispers such as ‘Lord von Voltaire!’ and ‘It’s His Excellency Gwendal!’

There was the rare, dainty person that women’s clothes suited well. However, most of them were tall with thick chests, men who were blessed with muscly physiques. So, everyone who comes to this shop for the first time feels like this: aren’t they in the wrong profession? When Gwendal’s thoughts reached that far, he turned to Josak as if he had suddenly thought of something and asked him a question in a voice so low he might as well have been whispering in his ear.

“You’re not going to tell me that all the people working here are off-duty soldiers, are you?”

“Of course not!”

“Then why do they know who I am?”

“That’s because Your Excellency is quite popular.” He made such a displeased face that Josak quickly amended his statement. “Professionally, of course. That dancer before thought so too, as well as that young guy who brought the drinks.”

“... In other words, only a few of them aren’t soldiers.”

Getting a glimpse into the unknown, daily life of soldiers, the demon who oversaw them dropped his shoulders, crestfallen. Be that as it may, getting

depressed all by himself wouldn't do anything. The value of a soldier lies in whether he fulfills his duties or not. What he does in his free time is not a problem. If they can meet their next mission with an earnest attitude by spending time relaxing in this shop, then there was nothing to complain about. In the first place, he had come here to discuss a new pending issue, not to observe the off duty soldiers... Gwendal forced himself to drive away his disappointment with all of his willpower.

"At any rate, even if this is secluded, with this much attention on us this isn't confidential in the least."

"Honestly, Your Excellency, if you wanted to have a drink with just the two of us you should have said so."

"Cut that out."

Gwendal read too much into that and got mad at him. It's times like these that you need to hide behind drinks and fun.

"Well if we're not going to get any work done then we might as well drink and have some fun. Let's forget our troubles! Look, there are enough beautiful spots for you to put both of your hands... Okay I get it, there aren't any beautiful spots. After that we'll go somewhere else and have a serious and private talk. With our knees pressed together."

"When you say have fun..."

An upright nobleman would have no interest in gambling in the castle town. So, Josak decided to teach his embarrassed boss a game that was starting to gain popularity lately.

"I'll teach you that baseball game that His Majesty loves. Your Excellency has never played before, right?"

His Majesty loves it. That was the ultimate hook line and sinker.

....*

This is rock, this is scissors, this is paper. If you lose, you take off one piece of

clothing. After being told those scant rules and pressured into playing, Lord von Voltaire didn't realize it until after the fifth match. He had luckily won much more than his opponent and Josak was the only one stripping.

"No, this is wrong. This isn't baseball."

"Huh? It is."

"No, it's absolutely not. I've played strip-if-you-lose rock paper scissors with Anissina before, but she didn't say that it was baseball."

"Eh!? Your Excellency, you played a game like that with little Anissina!?"

"No, that wasn't my point. What I wanted to say was that baseball isn't a game you play with your bare hands, but with a stick and balls..."

"Oh my, a stick and *balls*? That's not very adult of you, Your Excellency."

You couldn't really call a man who was a hundred and few dozen years old a child or an adult.

"But anyway, this is a different version of baseball. The baseball that His Majesty played developed into a martial art and it's called 'baseball fist.' The motto is: talk to one another with manly fists." (1)

"Then, then I have a question."

"Uhuh?"

It's okay to flippantly answer questions while sitting in a bar. But if someone asked you a question while breathing so heavily, you'd end up feeling bad if you didn't answer them seriously.

"What is 'out?' What does it mean!?"

"It means you messed up."

"Then, what about 'safe'!?"

"Success!"

"Then what does 'yoyoi no yoi' mean? What about 'yoyoi no yoi'!?"

"Honestly, Your Excellency, yoyoi no yoi is what you say to the winner. If you leave that out it won't be a match between gentleman." (2)

"I, I see."

Gwendal was dangerously close to being fooled, but then it seemed like he realized the strange amount of times he won. He had finally started to wonder why a complete amateur at baseball fist was winning so much.

"Wait. Why are you the only one stripping?"

Gwendal stops Josak as he hooks his fingers into what His Majesty calls 'skintight'

panties.' Whether you strip or not is decided by the outcome of the match so the fact that the boss only took off his jacket and the subordinate is on his last piece of clothing is obviously the result that Gwendal won and Josak continued to lose. However, since he was not aware of the strategy of waiting to see what your opponent does, he did not understand that his opponent could manipulate the outcome of the game by showing his hand an instant later.

"What, did you want to strip?"

"Like I would want to do that!"

On the other side of the finger Gwendal had whipped around, the employees all held their breath and looked up at them. They all had hopeful looks in their eyes. Only an exhibitionist could withstand a gaze like that.

"Then you admit that I lost."

He's really going to strip naked!? Everyone except one got really excited. The soldiers were used to seeing naked guys, but it was a different story when it was the result of losing at baseball fist. It wouldn't just be being stark naked, it would be accompanied by defeat and humiliation. When this nightlife game spread as the slightly different 'Night Baseball,' everyone's thoughts were 'His Majesty brought in one sinful game.'

On the other hand, the first-time baseball fist player Gwendal was getting flustered in a different way. He was worried about whether it would hurt the pride of a skilled soldier of his to be embarrassed like this over a simple game in a bar. Furthermore, Josak Gurrier was his trump card. He might have issues with his behavior, but since Josak wasn't picky with his missions and he delivered favorable results, he was incredibly valuable. Could Gwendal afford to lose such a valuable, elite soldier over a stupid game like this?

However, the boss's modest concern turned out to be unnecessary.

On the nether regions exposed in a smooth movement... there was a huge leaf pasted in place.

"... Gurrier."

"Yes?" replied the man who had stripped in a very sporting manner as he twirled a pair of red underwear around in the air on his index finger. He's really having fun.

"Is that in fashion nowadays?"

"No, this is the plant underwear I invented that's not really underwear. At the

moment I'm commercializing it for the ladies who want to see the surprised faces of gentlemen. After all, there aren't any slightly crude items like this in 'The Queen's Inventions.'"

Branching out into the underwear industry without having tired of the hospitality business, it was quite the diversified management system. However, as a noble and soldier who had not once in his life had worries over money, Gwendal couldn't possibly understand the economic sense of someone who had experienced poverty.

"... Gurrier," he muttered in a perplexed tone as he slumped back in his seat, dejected. "What exactly is your main occupation?"

"Honestly, Your Excellency, don't you know?" Josak casually replied as he stood on the table with just his leaf.

"I am Your Excellency's devoted servant."

(1) The strip version of rock paper scissors does exist in Japan and it *is* called baseball fist (yakyuken).

(2) Yoyoi no yoi is a sort of nonsensical way to say 'yay.' It's more of a nice, rhythmical thing to say rather than an actual phrase. I guess if I had to think up something similar in English it would be 'yippie kai yay' or however that's spelled~

...

Murata x Yuuri x Wolfram

"Ah, hot springs are nice! They even completely ease old injuries that flare up during the changing seasons."

"Old injuries? Shibuya, you just got that injury two months ago."

"Yuuri! Did you get involved in a fight!?"

"No, Wolf. It was a game, not a fight."

"Well, even so, getting in a huge public bath like this together really raises your spirits. This makes me remember the field trip in middle school."

"Oh right, the public bath during the field trip. But you know, that was difficult age when there's still **** and no **** so there's always that one person, isn't there? You know, the guy who goes in with swim trunks on."

"Ahaha, yeah, yeah there was! Hey, that was me."

"Eh!? That was you!?"

"An abscess on my butt had started to fester. So, I put a waterproof band-aid on it and then trunks on top to keep it from coming off."

"... You didn't need to go through all that trouble to get in the bath. Oh yeah, are there field trips in The Great Demon Kingdom?"

"Field... maybe. Are they those events where students spend the whole day strengthening bonds and feelings of solidarity amongst their companions?"

Wolfram asked.

"Yeah, that."

"The entire unit is sent out into the mountains to march without sleep. There are wild animals that attack out of nowhere and traps set up but you don't know where. Your water and portable food rations are meager as well."

"Th... that's survival training, I think."

"During that time, I discovered that people who are starving will eat snakes or whatever they can get their hands on."

"N-now that you mention bathing in a group, there's *that*. We compare *that*, too. Whenever you get a dozen or so guys the same age together in a bath the conversation always ends up turning in that direction. The class split up into three groups: the proud group, the group that watches, and the check-this-out group."

"Ugh, Shibuya, it's better if we don't try that out here."

"Why? Ah Murata, you don't have any confidence?"

"That's not it. There are a lot of delicate issues when it comes to differences

between people. I mean, look. We can't ruin his consideration for us by oh so inconspicuously sitting facing the other way."

"What do you mean, inconspicuously facing the other way? We have the same height anyway so it really won't make a difference what direction he's facing..."

Conrad x Gwendal x Günter

"You shouldn't make such a sullen face here. You should just relax in the baths together and deepen your friendship with His Majesty, Gwen. Ah, or maybe..."

"What?"

"Will you be troubled if you lose to Wolfram?"

"Wh-wh-wh-what!? What exactly would I lose to Wolfram in!?"

"I was just talking about how many scars you have so why are you so flustered?"

"Ah, yeah, scars. I see, scars... But Wolfram doesn't have any obvious scars."

"Well, that's true. No matter how easygoing she is, Mother wouldn't have allowed her adorable, youngest son to be sent to the front lines."

"It's not just Wolfram; all three of them over there have probably never been injured."

"Not necessarily. His Majesty has quite a few injuries. On his shins, on his arm... starting from his elbow, about this length. He said he broke the rules a bit and used a head slide and his flesh got gouged out."

"I'm surprised. I had thought he had never been in battle. I see, he broke the rules..."

"Speaking of breaking the rules... there was a teacher at the military school who taught us that 'A scar on your back is a mark of shame. It means that you tried to run away and showed your back to the enemy!' wasn't there?"

"There was a teacher who emphasized that. But if you go out to a real battlefield, you immediately realize that pretty ideals like that have no place there."

"Yeah. People will assault you from behind right after they beg for their life, et

cetera. It happens quite frequently.”

“It’s scary that he didn’t know that.”

“Truly. There wasn’t a single scar on that teacher’s body.”

“Yeah, he was beautiful.”

“Y-you two, I was staying quiet listening to you, but you are really going too far!”

“No one said it was you, Günter,” said Gwendal.

“That’s right, Günter. Gwen and I didn’t say a single thing about you.”

...

Jennifer x Yuuri

“Hey, Mama, is Santa Claus real?”

“Oh, Yuu-chan, the day where you ask that question has finally come for you too, huh? The day you learn the truth about Santa Claus. What brand are those red clothes? Is that suspicious beard real? And, just how high is his blood sugar level!?”

“Blood sugar? I’m not talking about ‘dippicul’ stuff like that.”

“Ehehe, that’s right, that was an adult concern. Of course Santa exists, Yuu-chan. A news reporter somewhere said something like this: the important things are things you can’t see.”

“... You cut too much out of it so it doesn’t make sense.”

“You don’t get it? Really? But Santa Claus is really real. He exists. I’m not sure what generation he is now, though. A card came in the mail addressed to you, didn’t it?”

“... It wasn’t handwritten.”

“Oh, Yuu-chan! Don’t say mean things. Santa is a foreigner so he has a huge complex about not being able to write in Japanese. And now you’re asking for a handwritten card? That’s bullying. That’s a type of foul play.”

“But Santa Claus didn’t come to our house last year.”

“That’s right. Scandinavia is really far away from Japan. It’s so far away you have to get a connecting flight. Santa is real and he does have a reindeer sled, but that thing about the sled flying is a misunderstanding. I mean, it’s impossible that a sled would fly through the sky—no, sky! If an engine like that existed in this world then Mama would have been on the Galaxy Express a long time ago.” (1)

“Mama, you can’t turn into a ‘meter!’”

“Of course I won’t turn into one. It’s okay. I would never choose Tetsurou over you, Yuu-chan. But if a reindeer sled traveled over land, it would have an accident before it got to Japan. He’s not very Santa Close. Okay, that right now was Papa’s bad joke, not Mama’s.” (2)

“But, but I heard that Santa went to my friend’s house...”

“Oh dear! They must have unlicensed products in their house! Probably something like the ‘Anywhere Doora.’ If you have that, then no matter how little mobility a sled has, you can go door-to-door all the way to Japan. But the Food and Health Bureau hasn’t approved that yet so only Dr.F. Fujio is allowed to use it. If you don’t want your friend to be wanted by the police, keep this a secret between you and Mama.” (3)

“Eh? If the real Santa comes he’ll get arrested?”

“Shh! Do. Not. Ever. Say. That. Again. But it’s okay. Papa has received an official commission from the Santa Company. When it comes to Yuu-chan and Sho-chan’s presents, just leave it to Mama and Papa.”

“Why is Papa being Santa? I knew that Papa put on red clothes and left the presents, but, but why is Papa Santa!?”

“Papa has been approved as the Shibuya family’s official Santa Claus. If he puts on a costume and holds a sack, he’s Santa for a day. Even if he’s so drunk he can’t say the name. Hey, there’s a lot of those right? Station master for a day, chief of police for a day, yakuza boss for a day – it’s the same thing.”

“... yakuza...”

“Of course if Papa is on a business trip then Mama will take on the job. Mini-skirt Santa for the day. If Mama is away, then Sho-chan will be Boy Santa for the day... Oh, what’s wrong, Yuu-chan? Why are you crying? Did you not like Boy Santa? Eh, what is it? ... Mama’s mini-skirt... is... bad? Yuu-chan?”

(1) Reference to the train Galaxy Express 999 from the anime of the same name. Basically, it was a train that traveled through space.

(2) Two parts! Tetsurou is the main character in Galaxy Express 999. The original Japanese joke was shoving the word for troubles or hardships(kurou 苦勞) into Santa Claus(santa kuroosuサンタクロース) to get this ---> santa kurousuサンタ苦勞ス. This makes it into Santa Having-a-hard-times.

(3) The ‘Anywhere Door’ is from Doraemon which was created by Fujiko F. Fujio (pen name). The door was a device that took you anywhere. There’s an ‘a’ on the end of it in the text because Jennifer pronounced it wrong XD

Wolfram x Yuuri

“Are they really going to like this?”

“They’ll love it. Even if it’s from someone who put on red clothes to be Santa for the day, kids love getting presents. Hey, your hands aren’t moving. If you have time to have misgivings then you have time to wrap. There’s only the two of us. We have to leave these by the children’s pillows tonight. The sun’s already went down.”

“I know. I’ll wrap them. I just have to wrap them and tie a bow on them right?”

“Right. Ah, don’t forget to put the candy in. The star cookies too.”

“It’s alright, everything’s inside. But this... Is it okay for demon boys to be happy about stuffed animals!?”

“Whoa, don’t get angry all of a sudden. There are girls too. There are girls. If Miss Anissina heard what you said right now it’d be trouble in more ways than one. But... huh, I thought that they would be happy with Made in Gwendal stuffed animals. Little kids like incomprehensible animals, right? The ones where you say ‘I can’t tell if it’s cute or gross!’”

“Really? My older brother’s works are avant-garde art for adults so I thought

that children wouldn't understand them."

"Eh? That's what you were worried about!? Y-you're a nice little brother."

"Even so, why do you and I have to bring these to the children? It'll take forever. It would be done in the blink of an eye if we asked Anissina to use her 'Poison Lady Delivery.'"

"Look, for this kind of situation there's meaning in having Santa Claus deliver these. It's important that white-bearded Santa in red clothes carries a big sack and sneaks in during the middle of the night."

"Isn't he suspicious?"

"Don't say suspicious. Santa Claus is the only one in the entire world who is allowed to come into someone's house without saying anything. You could say he's a man who has a trespassing permit. Although, going in through the chimney is a little... it's life threatening so we can't do that."

"But I'm not that... Senta Ku... Santaku? I'm not that guy."

"Hey, don't turn a popular children's character into a name of a quiz show host. It's okay even if you're not the actual Santa. You look good in a Santa costume."

"You look better!"

"I don't know if you're angry or praising me, Wolf... ah!"

"Ah!"

"Why did the lights suddenly go out? Did the oil run out? Or rather, did the magic power run out? Eh!? That's bad. The sun set so it's dark but we have to finish wrapping these presents tonight. I can't see what's in my hands in this darkness!"

"Calm down, Yuuri. I can do something about the light... look."

"Oh, right. Great! You're good at using fire. But, isn't it hot to have flame on your palm? Although it is pretty in a magical way."

"It's not really hot. Should it be brighter?"

"Oh, awesome! Light is floating in places where there aren't candles or anything. Whoa, they're all over the walls! Wolf, that's awesome. The kids would love it if you showed this to them! There are candles in the air, like magic. It's beautiful."

"R-really? I can do this too."

"Wow, awesome! It's blowing out fire while flying around! It's like fireworks in the Tokyo Dome! It's weird that it's not hot at all after throwing around sparks like this... oh, one jumped out the window..."

“It’ll burn out by itself so it’s okay... Huh? Why are the guards running around so much? And the straw by the barn is... burn...ing...”

“... Wolf, they’re screaming something like ‘an enemy attack!’ outside...”

Conrad x Yuuri

“I came running to see what happened...”

“I’m sorry for making you worry, Conrad. I feel bad for making Wolfram go apologize by himself.”

“It’s okay. He did that knowing what kind of commotion it would cause.”

“But he has to get let out soon. We were supposed to deliver these presents to the children after this. Maybe I should go apologize to Gwen too... Even so... Umm, uh, Conrad? It looks really good on you, but are all of the soldiers really wearing that at work tonight?”

“Everyone in Santa costumes? Of course not! Just a small part of the guards. They thought Your Majesty would like it. Also in my case I have something to do late tonight – like sneaking down a chimney.”

“Sneaking do... Well I’m glad. It’s fun, though I was surprised when I looked out of the window and saw a bunch of Santas. But this sort of thing livens things up, dressing for the part. I kind of thought you had all taken advantage of Christmas and started some kind of stag party! I was wondering if I had interrupted your own plans of partying for the next few days to welcome the new year.”

“Ah, the so-called Single Bells.” (1)

“Oh so you’re planning on a White Christmas? It’d be great if there isn’t a commotion on New Year’s Eve and Day. When I was a kid, I went overseas every once in a while. There was a huge commotion and it was a pain. Even though I was tired and bleary-eyed, the adults where outside drinking and yelling and talking about whether they should kiss the person next to them when the date changed... I wonder if they really did that. It was probably something for a TV show or a movie.”

“I went to the countdown in New York on New Year’s Eve and they were doing it like it was normal. Although, Times Square was certainly in an uproar so there

was also the atmosphere of the place adding to it.”

“Seriously!? Americans are amazing! But what do you do if the person next to you isn’t your girlfriend or your family?”

“It looked like it didn’t really matter. Although for me, the person next to me was a refined Sister.”

“Th-that smug smile. Did you actually do it with a Sister?”

“She wasn’t mad. She said that God would forgive her for just that night and smiled.”

“Th-that’s amazing, you ladykiller.”

“And then when I turned to my left...”

“Don’t tell me that next was a Buddhist nun or a monk.”

“There was a man with a beard dressed in women’s clothes with teary eyes as if he were waiting for something.”

“Eeee-, th-th-th-th-that complicated smile! You even did it with a brother!?”

“I gently brushed the man’s trembling cheek and slowly moved my palm to the back of his head and...”

“Eee, what happened? No, that’s okay I don’t want to hear. Just tell me how it turned out. When I say how it turned out I don’t mean in detail, just tell me yes or no.”

“... fixed his wig for him.”

“Ah... it was crooked... that was nice of you...”

(1) This is a reference to a parody on Jingle Bells about spending Christmas alone.

The end. Kinda. It's nowhere near the end, but this is the end for this post.

... Conrad. The troll is strong with this one. I've always known he was a total troll, but this was his best troll yet XD

Anyway, I've flipped through the first two chapters of novel 8 as well. The

translations really left off right in the middle of the action! To be honest I reallyreallyreallyreally wanna work on chapter 3, but I also want to either hear back from Lrenne to make sure she isn't already working on it or let enough time pass to confirm MIA status so the next thing on here is probably going to be more of these.

Current Location: [Home!](#)



Current Mood: jubilant

Current Music: World's End by MUCC

Mini-Mini 08 - Because you are a kid who can do anything if you just try!

Because you're a kid who can do anything if you try! [[edit](#)]

By Takabayashi Tomo

Information: This story is only available in Günter's "A Love Diary composed in the Summer" (image below). This is a 'paper' known as "Günter's Juicy Set", included in Monthly Asuka September 24, 2006. (It came with a hard-cover for the paper and a picture of Günter)

The title of this set SHOULD have been "A Love Diary composed in the Summer", but they attempted to write it German and wrote: "Günter ist Liebetagebuch - Buchstabierte am Sommer". A literal translation of that would be: "Günter is a Love Diary - Spelled in the Summer". My strongest hypothesis is that someone put the words through Google translate and simply stamped it on the cover. My second hypothesis though, is that the grammar and words 'sound' incorrect in German, but are actually correct in the common tongue spoken in Shin Makoku.

Setting: This story takes place after the story "The Maou's Harem", in Gaiden 3 "Kyou Kara Maou", published after novel 13. Pakiri (it's Pakiri in Japanese, not Pachiri) is the blonde boy who gives a flower to Greta, who she later hugs. That story ends with Yuuri, Conrad, Greta and Pakiri going to Pakiri's orphanage where the headmistress could get rid of Yuuri's jimenso (a mythological tumor that takes the shape of a human face) on his knee called Pot-sama, because Yuuri got it after opening a pot. Since Conrad is in the story, this is supposed to take place before the Caloria arc.



I raised my arms up into the sky and felt completely satisfied.

"Let's go back home, your majesty."

"What? Ah, yeah."

Greta, Conrad and I had head towards the village where Pakiri, the boy we had recently met, lived in order to get rid of Pot-sama, the jimenso (mythological tumor that takes the shape of a human face) on my knee.

Since it's not unusual for me to leave the castle for a few days, this trip wasn't long enough for a normal person to worry.

But the house sitter, Lord Günter von Christ, wasn't a normal person. Since he was an extraordinarily overprotective teacher, he would surely be moved by my return and would hug me with tears in his eyes and a runny nose. Predicting such a scene, I stood firmly on my two legs, awaiting a fierce embrace. In other words, I stood there waiting without resistance^[1]. It was a defense strategy thought beforehand to try and minimize the damage.

However, contrary to my expectations, Günter welcomed us in an elegant manner. Maybe it was my imagination, but even the tone of his voice sounded softer. I was so surprised by his demeanor that I was about to say: "When did we get this well trained butler?" .

"Did you have a safe trip?"

"....Did something happen here?"

"Why do you say that?"

"It's just that after not seeing me for four or five days, you wouldn't usually act like this. Could it be that you've reached enlightenment again?[\[2\]](#)"

At that moment Lord von Christ Günter squinted his two beautiful eyes and smiled elegantly.

"Does it displease you?"

"Heavens, no! Uhm, ah... It's really nice. Like an adult who's fully capable of doing his job. "

But when this "New Günter" behavior continued after ten days, I started feeling like something was missing. At first, I would simply feel a little uncomfortable, but after two or three days it was me who was anxious all the time. I ended up asking Conrad and Greta who were in the castle at that time "Don't you think that Günter is acting kinda weird?" with a pitiful voice.

"Hey, don't you think he looks strange? I mean, in these past ten days he hasn't hugged me or rubbed his cheeks against mine. It's been more than a week since he has shot his Gün-juices on me, this had never happen till now!"

Heavens! It's scary to realize how much one gets used to something like this.

"The way he speaks is also different. While we went to Pakiri's village his speech suddenly became kakko ii (cool). He speaks as someone who's part of an elite in a company. And did you see the clothes he's wearing? Did you see it? It's not that sort of priest-like clothes he's usually wear. Now he looks more like a grown up, with a cleaner look.... He has like a polished grown up sex-appeal. "

While Greta put the tip of her cookie in her tea, she nodded with a serious face.

"I don't know if it's male eroticism or not, but Greta also thinks that Günter has changed" (Greta)

"Thank goodness! I'm not the only one who thinks so."

I held my chest in relief after hearing that everyone who was with me agreed. As a prelude to what he was going to say, Conrad put some jam in a little cup and put it down before me.

"In the past, he used to be like this."

"In the past? How far along are we talking about? Before I came here?"

Wary about my feelings, Conrad simply smiled and didn't give me a proper answer. But no matter how stupid I may be, judging by the words that he said, I could figure it out. It's stress, for sure. The stress of being an educator, that's what caused him to 'break' (change his character for the worse).

"Did Günter 'break' because of me!? Am I such a disappointment that he thought: 'Goodness gracious! I did something wrong!'."

"But it's fine, don't you think? He looks like he's having fun like this."

Conrad said that to comfort me, but I as a human being... no, I mean as a mazoku, was dragging him down an abyss, to the point where his personality would be destroyed. The more I thought about it, the more I felt like I should apologize. However, fortunately, for some reason, Günter returned to being the Lord von Christ that he used to be. I didn't know what had happened while I was away, but I was grateful that it did.

However Greta, unlike me, murmured unhappily. 'Having fun is part of the job, for children the more entertaining adults there are the better.'

"..... But a Günter that doesn't gush out liquids, doesn't feel like Günter."

"Ah, that's it! He needs more juices. What happened? It's as if he has dried up."

"That's because of the new ornament that I've acquired."

The object of our conversation entered the room carrying a new teapot, that had a picture of a little chick, in his hands. On that day he was also in his "New Günter" mode. However, two or three buttons of his shirt were undone. Usually he would have his outfit buttoned all the way up, so much that I'd worry it would be too tight around his neck. The front was opened as if saying: 'Worship my chest!'. His look was too WILD and different from his usual appearance. Günter,

the front area is too wide open!

"What do you mean by new ornament?"

Lord von Christ met my eyes and smiled. Even though I was only focusing on his chest, his overall look was more elegant than wild. As expected from a noble.

"I allowed myself to receive an ornament that matches that of his majesty although it's a different color."

.... Me, my knees?

Something that matches mine, but it's of a different color.

"No, Günter, I'm talking about your new ornament. I don't have any ornaments on my knees. If I ever wear anything on my knees, that would be a leg pad or a protector..."

As I was thinking about how to protect my knees, a tragic memory from 15 days ago came to mind. When I opened the lid of the pot, a thing similar to a rubber ball came flying out, and jumping from wall to wall, it ended up slamming against my knee and attaching itself perfectly to it. If you looked at it closely, it seemed as if it had eyes and a nose, and later on I found out that it was something that Anissina had put into the pot to guard the door. In order to get rid of it, we had to drain all the water that was in it, and then dry freeze it. I went through a lot to get rid of it. Speaking of which there were two pots now that I think about it. The one I opened was the blue pot, but in the castle the red pot remained. This made me realize what the scary answer to my question was and I dropped my teaspoon.

"What... Günter... don't tell me that you opened the red pot?"

"The red pot? Yes."

"Then what came out of it attached itself to a certain part of your body?"

"Yes! It attached perfectly."

".... Günter, that's a terrible ornament." Goodness! Here's another victim of the pot.

"And where do you have it?"

Asked Greta who wanted to be a part of this no matter what, while I made her turn around as Conrad and I looked at the big lump under Günter's clothes.

"Greta, you can't look at it."

"Why?"

This was because his jimenso was on his back side, in other words, on his butt.

".... Uwah that's a suggestive place.... I'm sorry I'm talking about such things here."

"Doesn't it get in the way when you're sitting on the toilet?"

Conrad answered calmly the vulgar question.

"I think that wouldn't be a problem since it's above the (butt)hole^[3]"

"Ah, I see."

"Really? And what does it look like? Greta wants to see too!"

"You can't."

The jimenso that had attached itself to Günter was growing larger than the blue one I had. I wondered if it was because it had been growing for more than 10 days that it looked a lot worse than mine.

Besides its mouth was smiling, but if you tried to touch it it would shamelessly make an angry face as if ready to attack, like that of a stray cat.

"Scary... You've had this for ten days? It would have been better if you got rid of it quickly as I did."

His "New Günter" mode was shaken by those words.

".... Get rid of it, you said? "

"Yeah. I got rid of it really fast. Although maybe it was due to Pot-sama that you've turned into such an amazing person... But it's expected that the jimenso

will try to resist leaving your body."

"You mean you want to... to eliminate it !?"

Günter looked back at us, with his underwear halfway down. His purple eyes, wet.

"Ah! You're crying! Could it be that you've grown attached to it!? Listen Günter, this is not a cat or a rabbit. It's a jimenso. It's just a lump that looks like a face, so you can't love it like a pet, like I love my dogs, or as if it was a cat or something. You're also not allowed to speak to it softly before you go to sleep!"

"I, I haven't done that but... but it's just that...."

Instead of being moved to tears to the point he became juicy, only a few tears ran down his face.

"It's just that if I couldn't wear one that "matches" his majesty's, I'd be sad...."

"Listen, you say that you have the jimenso in your body to match the one I had, but look, it's not a tattoo, okay? "

In the corner of my eye I saw that Conrad slowly picked Greta up and took her out of the room. Well, I can't really say that this type of stories is good for the health and well being of children.

"But other than this, I don't have anything that "matches" something of his majesty."

"You don't need to focus on such details."

He didn't say anything, and only mumbled under his breath. Shocked by the turn of events, feeling a little bothered by this, I took a big, long breath. And then lifted my shoulders in an exaggerated shrug.

"Listen, Günter. While we're in the middle of a game, we all wear the same uniform. But when the game is over and we don't have the uniform on anymore, no one believes that they're not a part of the team. Even if our t-shirts and jeans are completely different, if we're TEAMMATES, our hearts are always connected. Even if we're not wearing the same clothes, our friends are always our friends."

"Is that so?"

"That's what I believe. Why? Do you believe something different?"

Günter tilted his head slightly and held his front hair in his white fingers as he replied. In a voice sounding completely different from mine, as if he was about to disappear, he said:

"If his majesty says so, I believe that too."

"Right? Everyone believes that. Günter, everyone does."

While extending both of my arms that were on my waist, I slid them over his low shoulders. Usually, due to the difference in our heights I wouldn't be able to do that, but today only by standing a bit on the tip of my toes I was able to. Günter had his back arched and looked smaller.

Good grief, this guy. Despite being old enough to be an overprotective grandpa, sometimes he behaves like a kid.

"Say, let's ask for Anissina-san's help to get rid of it quickly. If you don't hurry up, that guy there will put on a really ugly face. Anissina will use "Full-Unstick Alchemist-kun^[4]" or "Unstick Kiyohara-kun" to get rid of it, since she said that she needed twenty days to find a cure for it, maybe she already has one, even if it's 4 or 5 days early.

"But.... what about his majesty."

"What about me?"

"His majesty will hate me again."

Günter said this like a pure-hearted maiden.... even though half his ass was showing.

"Once we get rid of the jimenso, I will once again return to be the old Günter who's always covered in juices. Even though I was using the power of an external body that absorbed my excess juices, your majesty liked the composed, calm, and more manly 'New Günter' , right? "

"Don't be foolish, Günter."

Really, this guy!

"I don't think that you look any different. You're just showing how amazing

you'd be if you were a bit more serious, right?"

"Your majesty! I'm always serious!"

"I know that. Even if you have too many juices and you prefer to child-rear with frequent physical contact, you're always serious. Even if I run away and hate it, even if it bothers me, you're always serious. And although I say serious, you might as well read it as MASO^[5].

If you love me so much, I could obviously never hate you.

"Pot-sama is absorbing his juices."

Anissina-san said this in an assertive tone, leaving us with our mouths opened as we turned around to see her.

"That thing is weak against dryness. Fortunately for it, it could absorb all the Gün-juices that Günter releases from all over his body, so that must be the reason why it grew so big. That's why Günter is not juicy anymore and we could see his real self. One could say that this is one of the side effects of dehydration."

I couldn't stop being dumbfounded.

"But if it's so badly attached to him, even with my poison, it won't be easy to get rid of it. You will certainly feel a lot of pain and regret, but that doesn't matter right? It doesn't matter."

The patient is on his four legs on the desk that is being used as a hospital bed, with his whole butt showing. Even in a situation like this, Anissina doesn't blush at all. Actually, I'm more worried about Günter. He might develop a trauma after having to hold this position in front of a woman. 'Listen, Yuu-chan, when you need to treat hemorrhoids you should call a doctor of your same gender', that's what my father used to say to me every time he got drunk.

Yet, what Anissina had created wasn't a cure, it was a poison. And on top of that, what did she mean by 'regret'....?

"Wa-wait a second, Anissina-san. Back then you told me that in 20 days you could cure my jimenso, right? Which means that if I would have waited for Anissina-san's cure to be completed, the jimenso would have attached to me harder ?"

"Don't underestimate me. Even if in the dictionary of this Poison Lady, the section 'failure' exists, the word 'lie' doesn't. My new poison "Juice Take-take" can get rid of anything, from a little wart in the tip of your fingers, to big ones that doctors wouldn't even be able to treat by throwing rotten boiling water on it. You'll get a clean and refreshing recovery. In the case of the blue Pot-sama his majesty had, we would have been able to get rid of it easily after 20 days, because it wouldn't have grown so quickly."

"But, but, why does the red Pot-sama that Günter has.... why is it so difficult and painful to get rid of? Why did it grow so big?"

"What? Your majesty, don't you know?"

Anissina looked quickly at the as(s), I mean butt that was exposed, while Günter looked very pale and said the following as if I should have known the explanation already.

"The red one works three times faster."

References[edit]

1. ↑ He uses here the word 'ukemi', "waiting to receive". There are a lot less gay ways of saying this.
2. ↑ Pakiri was supposed to live in an orphanage in a village close to the capital, I don't know why it took them 4 or 5 days to return. In regards to the 'enlightment' Yuuri is referring to that time at the end of novel 3 after Günter entered the monastery.
3. ↑ In Japanese she used the word "cavity" that sounded slightly better than in English.

4. ↑ The first name is: "Hagareru Renkinjutsu" a spoof of Full metal alchemist, the second, a reference to a Seibu baseball player
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kazuhiro_Kiyohara
5. ↑ Yes, maso can mean masochism as in kinky sex, but it's also known as "Self-defeating personality disorder" which is in this case what Yuuri is saying - Günter probably doesn't understand a word. Yuuri says you write it honki (本気), serious/ earnest, but says that those kanji should be read as maso. (If you know anything about Japanese you under what I'm saying).

Mini-Mini 09 - Who do you ship?

Who do you ship? [[edit](#)]

Takabayashi Tomo

Note: This story was published in the 2002 doujinshi, but it was also reprinted and published as a booklet with CD 24 "His Excellency and the MA Love Journal!?", in 2006.

Ah! This might be the reason why this book is R-15.

It's a story about girls gathering and talking about the couples they ship(moe). It's supposed to be just like a coven of witches. Actually, even though I'm going to write about this, I don't know anyone who would approve of this kind of thing. In any case, that's the meaning of 'shipping'(moe) in this story [\[1\]](#).

Tonight is the secret celebration under the moonlight where the ladies who follow a forbidden thorny road [\[2\]](#) since birth, gather. No one else knows about this other than themselves, because even their relatives would be a risk to them. They delight themselves in the forbidden, relishing in secrecy. No one other than the people who have sworn the oath, can find out about it. Otherwise that delight would disappear at once, turning into an infernal pain of condemnation and embarrassment. Keeping the meeting a secret, is one of their many strict rules. Because the things that they enjoy, would be considered offensive and profane by others. But the number of people whose genes are like this, are not few...

Wild fantasy meetings are the ultimate sweet delight

"Shhh, everyone quiet. Did everyone make sure that no one in their family followed them? My younger brother is such a night owl! He wouldn't go to sleep and I almost missed the meeting." (Effe)

"Oh Effe, a night owl is not so bad. My grandmother-sama is a sleepwalker"

"Don't! As a precaution we absolutely cannot identify the person who's talking! It's forbidden. You cannot call them by their name. Also, talking about one's relatives would be a big clue to figure out who a person is. " (Cherie)

"What? No way, I can't do something so difficult~~. I could carelessly say the names of my friends~~.

"Speaking of which, talking about an easily identifiable story, or using unique words is also forbidden. If you're from the west, you can't be shouting from the rooftops that you are, that's dumb. Listen, if there are particular forms of speech that allow you to figure out who it is, you must absolutely not say the name of your friend. From this moment on, we do not know who the other one is, we are to act as ladies who are meeting for the first time and are staying at an inn.... " (Cherie)

"Understood. Then, everyone, let's speak in standard Mazoku language. I see everyone brought lots of candles? Then, let's light them all... In this way, every time we tell a story shipping(moe) his Majesty with someone, we'll blow out one at the time. So once they're all out, we'll have one hundred stories about his Majesty.... !"

"Kyaa! His tiny majesty and one hundred people, so hot (moeru)! (Cherie)

"I don't expect there to be 100 people, but there must at least be 20 people that his majesty likes. Among them Lord Weller must certainly be one of them. However, everyone likes his Excellency Conrad."

"Wait, wait a moment. Why his Excellency Conrad? His Excellency Lord von Bielefeld Wolfram is his Majesty's undisputed fiancé, formally, in appearance and linage. So why are you talking about Lord Weller instead of his Excellency Wolfram? That's unacceptable! " (Effe)

"Oh no! While choosing his bride, can't his heart burn(moe) with passionate

love for other gentlemen? There's nothing wrong with getting involved with someone else, it's just your typical love story. His Majesty has his Excellency Wolfram, but on the other hand, hellish Poison Lady Anissina-sama has Lord von Voltaire fate in her hands..... even so they're cute friends who are attracted to one another.... yes, there's a tiiiight, painful, knitted bond between them" (Cherie)

"N-no way! You ship his Excellency Gwendal and his Majesty!? You're brave [3], huh? Although, I think that his Excellency Gwendal won't leave Anissina's side. "

"Everyone, why does everyone fantasize about such unsteady love, shipping him with men? I think that his Majesty wants the comforting and healing hands of a woman. Even though the love of men is thrilling and exciting, as the king of a country, after a long day of work, he probably wants to be healed by the soft breasts of a lady."

"A soft and big chest so you mean... Uwah! Are you talking about Cherie-sama? Because in Anissina's case, rather than using her breast, she'll use a ma powered device..... No way, you're not talking about a woman from another country, right!? It absolutely cannot be someone from another country! (Effe)

"C-calm down, calm down Eff.... uh.... you. I ship his Majesty and princess Greta! She'll be a grown up in a few years and there's a possibility that she'll become a busty beauty, right?"

"I think I saw a glimpse of her breasts though.... when princess Greta returned home ... his Majesty asked her: What do you want to be when you grow up? And then princess Greta replied in a cute voice: 'Majesty Yuuri's bride'. If you could have seen his Majesty's face at the time! He was so happy he looked as if he was melting.... I, basically only ship men, but I unconsciously started to ship him and princess Greta.

"But say you.... do you know what happened after that? When his Excellency Wolfram heard about that, he became very agitated, and you could hear his Majesty's screams echoing in the royal office. I heard a little bit of what they were saying. He cried DV [4], DOMESTIC something or another.... Ah! And after that, I wonder what kind of developments took place in the bedroom. Ah... just thinking about it I burn with excitement(moeru).

"Oh wow! Well, if we're talking about sexy (moe) stories in the bedroom, his Excellency Wolfram is definitely disappoint..... no, I think that rather than disappointed, he's lacking experience in that field. That's the charm of a stern old man. His Majesty can trust with confidence in his Excellency Gwendal~."

"Trust.... with confidence... it's not a well-digger, you know?"[\[5\]](#)

"But there's also that. Since Anissina-sama is always experimenting on his Excellency Lord von Voltaire Gwendal, he might have started to head towards having those proclivities."

"No way! What do you mean by proclivities!? What direction is he heading!?"
[\[6\]](#)

"I mean, experimenting with the body, I'm talking about getting used to experimenting. Like, he might like to try avant-garde things, like 'ways' that are unknown to the masses, you know?..... Like, 'doing it' even though they're in two different rooms and such."

"That.... isn't that just two people fantasizing about each other simultaneously?"

"M-maybe. But, but, you know, you know? Since he's used to being experimented upon, it might happen unconsciously and out of habit. Like putting on squeaky thin gloves right before the act, right? Right ? Right~?"

"I'm sorry but that's not sexy (moe) at all.... I don't want to blow out a candle for that."

".... That's right, huh? I was thinking about that myself. Indeed, I like cute things. I don't like barbaric men...."

"Say, say! Speaking of the bedroom, as expected that spoiled puu... no, it's his Excellency Lord von Bielefeld Wolfram, right? I mean, two people with a certified relationship, do they really just 'sleep' together every day?

"..... I wonder if there really hasn't been any progress..... No, no actually, perhaps, the real development has gone father than fantasy, even farther than our own fantasies, and a lot more has happened, and has been happening for a long time "

"Kyaaaaaaaaaa! a lot more, happening for a long time!? What do you mean by long time!?"

"Well, that's the dazzling world of men. A world where they're always together, from cradle to grave"

"That's a little too abstract and difficult to understand... But if the two of them are 'doing it', I wonder who takes the initiative?"

"That's right... They're beautiful and cute... They're both strong willed and stubborn."

"Let's fantasize about it! In times like this, we have to use the power of our imagination.... When they're together in the bedroom..... when the two of them are in the bedroom.... first comes the clothes, right? They have to take off their clothes, right?"

"All right Yuuri, I'll let you take off my clothes. What do you think, don't you feel honored?"

".... Why is it an honor to take off a man's clothes.....?"

"What? You don't want to? Good grief, you so spoiled and troublesome. It can't be helped, I'll take off yours..."

"But, you know Wolf? Since I'm old enough, I can take off my own clothes! And because of that I can also take the laundry to the washing machine and fold my own dry trousers. If I cannot do at least something like that, I won't be able to become an independent Japanese boy~"

"Do you fold your own underwear?"

"That's right, my trousers too. So I can take off my own clothes, you know...? Oh, hey, hey! I can't just get butt naked all of a sudden! Now that I think about it, being a king is a 24 hour job, right? Only at night, do I not hear about my job as the king. Having said that, even though this is my bedroom, isn't this room a public place~!? Uwah! In that case, I can't get naked in a public place I'm going to get arrested for public indecent display!"

"Being indecent is rude"

"I know about this because I had to go and apologize profusely to the police when my big brother was drunk and was taken into the police station for public urination. Even though he didn't show the main part, to show his thigh and butt indiscriminately was a misdemeanor and he was arrested."

"Even if it was only his butt?"

"Yeah, even if it was only his butt. You need to be careful Wolfram. You can never get butt naked in this room, if you get convicted of such a crime, you'll be too embarrassed to face Greta again."

".....This is kind of.... not hot(moe) at all....."

"I wonder why? Why can't the top 3 contestants of the national fantasy championship, excite(moe) me properly and make my heart beat faster?"

"Right? So it can't be his Excellency Wolfram. As expected it has to be Lord Weller Conrad."

"But His Excellency Conrad has an average face, right? That's why, I can understand him being popular with the girls, but he lacks the sparkle-sparkle aesthetic quality to be his Majesty's partner. He also doesn't have that strangely refreshing look. Mating with that person, won't it end up being like exercising ?"

"What!? 'mating'!? Mating you said, shrimp![\[7\]](#)

"Before even realizing it, it became seafood. But you can't only think about Lord Weller's physical appearance. I mean, that person went through all sorts of hardships, out of the three brothers he's the one who went through the worst pains and tribulations. That man's appearance is not the only thing that he could use to serve his Majesty, right?"

"His Excellency Lord Weller Conrad is very deep, very deep. I wonder what would happen with this not refreshing looking man"

"Let's imagine. His Majesty Shinou gave us, daughters of the night, a strong

power, the power of imagination! Let's use it!"

"Since I'm always causing you all sorts of problems, today I'll wash your back in a public bath to show my appreciation"

"I can't believe his Majesty will wash my back! I must be the luckiest man in all three kingdoms^[8], huh? Ah, by the way, by all three kingdoms I mean, the powers that existed in the east, west, and north in ancient times."

"I've told you not to call me Majesty, nadzukeoya. Uwah, what's this old wound on your shoulder!?"

"Ah, that's from when I was attacked by burglars when I was still an apprentice. There were twelve people, so I was outnumbered "

"Wah! And what is this shallow long scar on your back? You can barely see it, because it was very well treated."

"That's..... uh.... I got that a while back due to a personal grudge, in a little fight with Lord Grisela.

"This was a little fight!? One step and you could have died. Ah, this round one must have been an arrow, right? You pulled it out yourself, right....? Gyaa! W-w-w-what is this really deep one on your side!? This one's serious, it's really wide...."

"Ah, that one wasn't all that painful. It was just a little difficult to walk, while holding my guts that had come out through the opening.... Your Majesty? Oh my, this ofuro is lowering your blood pressure... although there's still more things to do you really don't look so well, you know"

".... W-what? As expected this wasn't refreshing at all, from beginning to end, huh?"

"No, I kinda felt a little something at the end. 'There's still more things to do' Ah! I remembered!"

"At any rate, everyone, aren't you forgetting an important person?"

"Huh? Who?... We talked about shipping all his excellencies, right? I can't think of anyone besides the eccentric weirdo Gurrier-san, or that foreign man Hyscliff-sama, or the general with the cleft chin.

"There's still a big favorite left, right? I mean, someone with the letters 'Chri' and 'Gy'."

"Ah! Sergent Gisela, right!? She doesn't really look like she could be bothered with this..."

"That's not what I mean! Someone with longer hair, very smart and a transcendent beauty."

"Eh!? Who? Come on just tell us. There's sweat dripping off your arm.... huh... sturdy... sturdy? A sturdy arm... A man!? Oh no! Everyone, this is disaster! There's a man! There's a man here! Disperse, disperse! Run away!"

"Kyaaaaaa a m-m-m-m-man heard us! If the secret is revealed, they'll hang us! It's a man, and on top of that a super good looking one!"

"Ah! Wait, wait a moment, ladies! Haven't you forgotten someone? Haven't you forgotten someone?!"

Who do you ship ? ■

References[edit]

1. ↑ So the term that's being used here is 'moe', which can mean cute, hot, sexy, burning , or IN THIS CASE, shipping a particular couple.
2. ↑ Thorny road 'ibara michi'. Generally used to talk about 'hardships' but here it's being used as 'the women who walk a forbidden road since birth'. A side note: I tried to name all the characters I could identify, not many

though. But this is a coven of fujoushi so, there are supposed to be some unknown characters.

3. ↑ She used a different kanji. The sound means 'brave' but the kanji means industrious. The overall meaning would be something like: 'you have a pretty wild imagination/you're brave to ship them'.
4. ↑ DV: domestic violence. Not an acronym people from the other world are familiar with.
5. ↑ I'm crying. Really? Well-digger? We couldn't come up with another euphemism, Takabayashi-sensei!?
6. ↑ The person who will be discovered at the end.
7. ↑ Koubi: mating, koebi: shrimp. It's just a word-play.
8. ↑ Japan, Korea, China, Japanese expression.

Mini-Mini 10 - We're going on that trip

We're going on that trip[edit]

Original story by: Takabayashi Tomo

Information: This story was published in the special booklet that came out with URA MA DX! ([drama cd 25](#)) in March 2007. In April 2009, it was turned into a drama-cd by Monthly Asuka ([drama cd 58](#)).



I raised my heavy eyelids when the cold wind stroke my cheeks. Since I had caught a cold and had a fever, I kept thinking that there was no way I had let the window opened. When the glimpse of a shadow caught my eye, I involuntarily sat up. The blanket that was tucked under my stomach had fallen to the floor.

"Conrad...?"

"Shh"

He was smiling under a dim light, as he pressed his finger to my lips.

"Because it's a dream"

He was wearing ash-blue [1] clothes, reminiscent of winter. It looked a lot better than the military uniform he had been wearing. His look as a free, unrestrained traveler suit him better, than the military uniform of another country.

"Don't worry, because it's only a dream. You'll forget about it when you wake up."

"Then I don't want to wake up."

He smiled again when he heard my childish reply. Conrad fixed the blanket I had kicked down all the way to my feet again. Over and over, I would kick them away when I was hot, and reel them back to me when I was cold.

"How are you feeling?"

"I have a fever, and I feel a little sick"

"Did you throw up?"

"Not yet. But as expected, I'm not hungry."

"That's serious !"

Because I shrugged in an exaggerated manner, he said that in times like what one needs is vitamins, and pulled out a fruit he seemed to have brought from outside. It was a small green apple with light tiny spots on its skin.

"Shall we smash it and turn it into juice?"

"My mother would often do that when I was a child"

Whenever I'd get a fever during elementary school, this food was almost always put in front of me. Not porridge or noodles as one would give an adult patient; but ice-cream, pudding, canned peaches, or the grainy apple juice that was left after smashing an apple.

"It's not like I thought one could find canned peaches here, but why do you know about this? Is apple juice a traditional food here as well?"

Without a reply, Conrad glanced at me with a worried look on his face.

"It's important to strengthen your ability to heal yourself, but sometimes it's best if you ask for Gisela's help."

"But I'll have to do that next time. I can't this time around. There's a reason why I can't let anyone know. It's fine, it's a cold. I'll recover from it in one night."

"Colds don't get cured in one night, right....? Wolfram isn't taking care of you?"

"I made him leave. It'd be a problem if he caught it too. Besides, there are still some preparations to take care of before tomorrow."

"Preparations?"

He sat at the end of the bed as he repeated the word.

"Yes, starting tomorrow, we're going on a trip. I left all the arrangements up to Wolfram. That wasn't good."

"Don't worry. Because Wolfram will put even the things that you won't need in the luggage."

"When I was in elementary school, I'd always get a fever before a field trip or a school excursion."

If I say this all of a sudden, he might be bothered by it. Because as a mazoku soldier, he didn't go to elementary school, and there's no way that military school would have had field trips. I heard that there were training trips to strengthen the solidarity among soldiers, but according to what I've heard from Wolfram, no matter how you look at it, it was only training. If a new recruit would have gotten a fever the night before going on a training trip because he was too excited, he would have likely become a useless soldier after graduation.

Then, the Conrad in my dreams made a face as if he understood. Surely, the real one would have done the same.

"In the end, I was always absent during school trips. I wonder if that's what I have now. Will I have to skip tomorrow's trip?"

"You'll recover. You said it a moment ago, right? You'll recover from it in one night."

"You think so?"

"Yes"

I sighed. Even the air running through my body was hot, and time seemed to

pass slowly and heavily.

"Though I'd want you to come with us."

He was supposed to answer to my sudden outburst with one word and an ambiguous bitter smile. Because, it's a dream! And the character in the dream which turned to nightmare due to the fever, could never come with us to the trip that starts tomorrow.

Even so, Conrad moved my bangs soaked in sweat and said the following.

"I'd want that too."

He moved his sword-holding fingers from my forehead and pulled the blankets all the way up to my neck.

"Now, sleep. It'll be all right. You'll go on that trip."

"Can I have.... that?"

He smiled as usual, and gently threw the apple my way. The droplets on the fruit sprinkled on my forehead. It was cold. Cold enough to make the fever disappear.

"It's gone."

"Uh...?"

The cold thing on my forehead was Wolfram's palm. It seems he put his hand to my forehead to try and take my temperature.

"Wolf, uh...?"

"It's a good thing you slept well, your fever is gone. Do you want to eat something? If so, what do you want to have?"

As he said this, he picked something up from the side of my bed.

"Ah, if you want an apple.... shall we smash it?"

"Eh? Why is there an apple here?"

Without caring about the question I had muttered, Wolfram looked nostalgically at the green apple.

"A long time ago, whenever I had a fever, I'd be given smashed apples to drink."

Even though I'd complained saying I could bite it and that I wasn't a baby, I was told I should drink it because it's easier to digest"

Every time when he was a child? I imagine the scene of the two arguing back and forth and my cheeks loosen up. The morning sunlight comes straight through the fully opened window.

"Should I guess?"

"Guess what?"

"You really are your big brother's son^[2]"

My fever is gone, I had a nice dream, the weather is excellent. Even if he's not here, we're going on that trip.

References[edit]

1. ↑ This is the shade of blue of Wolfram's uniform (ÂŠDF).
2. ↑ Lit. Your older brother's son, as in, Conrad treated him like his son. It can also mean, that Wolf resembles him.

Mini-Mini 11 - Lucky Bag

There are a few spots here where someone says something in English and it's important/interesting that it's a different language so I've underlined those words.

It's kind of weird reading 3rd person POV stories with Yuuri in it. Not because it's usually his POV, but because in some of them his name shows up in the narration written properly in kanji (有利) as opposed to the katakana used in the dialogue (ユーリ). My guess is it's written that way because the people saying it don't speak Japanese and thus pronounce it strangely or they're saying the word in their language for July which is what Yuuri's name is supposed to be or a combination of both. Just calling attention to this because I'm pretty sure I haven't mentioned it and I haven't seen this mentioned elsewhere and I think it's interesting info~ Not entirely sure why some stories use the kanji and some don't, though...

I put stories with spoilers behind spoilers~ Not so minor this time around, but not huge. If you watched the anime then you kind of already know the spoilers, but it seems like things go down a little different in the novels

Conrad x Yuuri

"It isn't very impressive to just bring in events from Earth," Yuuri shrugged his shoulders in place of any preamble. "But I figured it would be okay as long as I left the religion out. Sorry for making you carry stuff. Oh, I'll carry that bag." He grabbed the beautifully decorated bag at the top of the stack of boxes that Lord Weller was carrying. The boxes are all wrapped in Christmas-like wrapping according to the orders of the earthling.

"I got the novel everyone is talking about for Günter... I don't know what it's about, though."

“Ah, it’s signed, the book.”

“As for Wolf... here, this! A little swan! He wanted a toy for the bath even though he’s an adult but I thought a ducky was too much.”

“He’ll be happy while also angry.”

“For Gwen I got a new winter knitting set.”

“He’ll definitely be overjoyed after the wrinkles between his eyebrows deepen.”

“I got a baby chick-shaped pillow for Miss Anissina. Isn’t it cute?”

“Yes. Although you can’t ask her to imagine what it will turn into when it gets bigger.”

“The problem is Greta’s present.” Turning his gaze to the dusky sky, Yuuri let out a long sigh. “What should I get? There’s no way an unpopular high school student would know what a girl hitting puberty would want.”

When he talked about girls, Yuuri always got a troubled and embarrassed look on his face. Thinking that Yuuri was actually the one being spoiled as he was trying to spoil the daughter that he had gotten through strange circumstances, Conrad smiled.

“She’ll be happy with anything as long as she knows that Your Majesty chose it.”

“I want the moon!” What do I do if she says that?”

“That seems like it’s something you’ve done.”

Skillfully sidestepping that with a ‘well...’ he returned his gaze to his neighbor.

“Do you want anything?”

“Me?” Caught off guard, Conrad failed to come up with a good answer. “I’m not unselfish enough to be able to say no without a moment’s pause, but... is that something you ask the person directly?”

“That’s how it is in Japan. Children write letters to Santa and the parents read it and leave a present by their child’s pillow during the night.”

“Hm, that’s efficient.”

“Don’t use such a harsh word. I’m talking about parents loving their children and wanting to see them happy. So? What do you want?”

“What does Your Majesty want? Oh, wait,” Conrad asked, sidestepping Yuuri’s question. “Just for now you can’t ask for world peace. Or if it’s something you don’t want to say to me, you can secretly write it in a letter.”

“It’s not about whether it’s a secret or not,” Yuuri said with a serious look as he stopped walking. “I don’t need anything. I’m playing Santa Claus. Santa Claus

doesn't get presents, right? The only ones who can make requests are the people receiving presents. So, Conrad, this is the perfect chance so say it." Lord Weller held his tongue and lowered his head, pretending to think for a little while. And then, his expression brightened and he spoke as if he had just thought of something.

"Maybe turf."

"Huh?"

"I was thinking that I wanted turf for the outfield in the ballpark. There is a type that is strong against the cold, but it's cultivated in a faraway place and the shipping expenses pile up. I thought it was wasteful so I haven't been able to say anything, but since it's Christmas I..."

"Turf!? Conrad, wait a mi-"

"Please give it to me." Lord Weller emphasized his request with a compelling smile. "That would be okay."

It wasn't even a question.

A few days later, bright green turf was spread out across the entire outfield at The Great Demon Kingdom National Baseball Stadium. No one was concerned with its name, but for some reason Yuuri was the only one who wanted to call it something embarrassing like Conrad Green or Lord Weller Field.

Conrad x Yuuri x Wolfram

After Yuuri and Wolfram entered the room, the two of them talked quietly to each other about something and, before the eyes of Conrad who was lying on the couch, they suddenly broke out into a conversation that resembled some sort of theatrical play.

"Um... Now I say hot tea is scaaary... Yuuri, why is hot tea scary? Is it because it's too hot and it burns your tongue?"

"No uh, that's not it. It's like asking for a cup after a meal, kind of."

Well it seems that they've memorized the lines but haven't quite grasped the

content yet.

“And then? Your Majesty, Wolf, will you be performing that play at the year-end party or the New Year’s party?”

“This is for the hidden talent competition... so don’t look, Conrad. Hearing spoilers before the performance will make it boring, won’t it?”

“Understood. Then I’ll look the other way. I’m reading a book anyway. Is this alright?”

They must have been satisfied because they started their practice again.

“I heard that walls have been built around the neighboring castle~.”

“Woow, Coool.”

“Don’t read ahead. And Wolf, the line isn’t ‘coool,’ it’s ‘whoa! A wall!’ Wall!”

“What’s a wall? ”

“... A wall,” Conrad interrupted and was met with harsh warnings.

“I told you not to look, Conrad! This is a secret.”

“That’s right, Conrart. This is private!”

“I wasn’t looking.”

“You can’t listen either. Cover your ears too.”

“Okay, okay.”

He covered his face with the book and lightly placed his hands over his ears. Even so, he didn’t even think about leaving the room. Even through his hands, he could still hear their voices.

Shouri + His Friend

[**\[Spoiler \(click to open\)\]**](#)

Hey, good evening.

This is the eldest son of the Shibuya family, Shouri Shibuya.

I was born on Good Couple Day, November 22nd. Sagittarius. Blood-type A.

Lately I’ve started to be asked questions like ‘Big Brother, are you a demon too?’ but... (1)

What are you talking about?

My hobbies are reading and collecting figurines. Oh, don’t misunderstand. I say figurines but I’m not talking about those figurines of pretty girls or anything like

that. I collect pets of the world and rare creature series and such. I just can't quit until I get all of the ***Ocean Temple Demon Series***. I was late to start collecting them and now they're treated like antiques. But, I won't stop until I get '***Otoroshi.***' (2)

My talent is, well, it can't be helped if you think that it's studying since I've been accepted into a national university, but I can't really remember ever struggling with studying for tests. Well, in the end I'm just thankful to my parents for giving birth to me with a high ***IQ***.

Actually, my father is the most successful amongst his colleagues at a foreign bank and my mother is an alumnus of Ferris. I myself am currently enrolled in a first-rate university and speaking of that first-rate university, Shintarou Ishihara is among my seniors so I also wish to become someone who will govern over the Tokyo Metropolitan area-no, I must become that person.

You're a citizen of Saitama, though.

Siblings? Ah, now that you mention it, I have one younger brother. One of them is more than enough. He's a stupid younger brother. All he reads are things like ***Baseball Weekly*** and ***Grass-lot Baseball Friends*** and he's a ***muscle-for-brains*** who only looks at the sports page of the newspaper and as an older brother I'm ashamed and disappointed when I think about how I'm related by blood to him. He needs to stop ignoring reality and figure out that he can't make a living off of just loving baseball.

Sundays while he was in elementary school were filled with rounding up people to cheer him on during matches. His position was primarily catcher, but he just never got picked as a regular and he was used mostly for pinch-hitting at the end of the game or as an outfielder. Honestly, just what was the coach thinking? That guy drew out absolutely none his potential... anyway, who cares about siblings. As for myself and sports... I went skiing when I was a kid.

Like in Canada?

That was from before my little brother was born. But, since I've managed to join a club, I'd like to try snowboarding as well. What else? I want to master ***golf*** while I'm still in school. After all, no matter what job I choose, ***golf will be a part of work.***

That's my general self-introduction.

"Shibuya, your introduction is just a liiiittle annoying. It's kind of, intolerable? You'll never get a date like that no matter how many parties you go to. You'll absolutely never get one by Christmas."

"What? What!? What part!? What part was annoying!? Hey, tell me. Was it the part about my brother? Do girls not like it when you have a bad relationship with your brother?"

"Your family is... is that what you think a bad relationship with your brother is like?"

"Yeah, it's bad. I really hate my little brother. I hate him so much he's the light in my eyes. We have such a bad relationship I figured I'd tease him by getting him a figurine of a Red Sox version of Matsuzaka... Hey, that's really teasing, you know!? I think he'll really hate tha-..." (3)

(1) Good Couple Day is a mnemonic for November 22nd. 11/22 -> 1122 -> ichi ichi fu fu -> ii fuufu -> Good Couple (as in husband and wife). It's one of those sort-of holidays where restaurants and shops have sales for couples.

(2) Otoroshi are demons who hang around the gates at shrines and kill/eat people who enter and don't respect the shrine or are just evil and mucking up the holiness of the place.

(3) Daisuke Matsuzaka was a player on Yuuri's favorite team, the Seibu Lions. He left the Lions to play for the Red Sox.

Greta x Cecilie + α

"Day one! After I got through that military meeting called dinner and got back to my room, there was this really pritty girl waiting on my bed! I got confused and rushed out to call for Conrad!

"According to Conrad, that pritty girl was a 'high-class prosstitoot' and someone

who kept rich men company for a living. I'm not very popular, so everyone in the castle got together and called her for me! But sadly I don't have enough guts to sleep with a 'prostitoot' so I had her go home for the night!

"Day seven! I got dragged out by Josak who just got back to the kingdom for the first time in a while and I ended up being taken out for a night on the town! Josak, who is used to playing around at night, brought me to a place like a bar where a lot of pretty ladies were!

"I can't drink alcohol so I watched the show while drinking juice then the ladies said I was cute and started to touch me! It was then that I finally realized it: the ladies were all guys! Shooock! They thought that since I didn't sleep with the 'prostitoot' I liked guys so Josak took me to this place!

"I absolutely do not like guys!

"Day eight! Yesterday Conrad was suuper angry! He said that 'Your Majesty is a healthy sixteen year old so everyone was just doing their best to take care of you!' But, when I said it wasn't necessary, he said 'That's right, huh?' and got a little bit less angry!

"I'm a baseball brat that channels 'sekshual desire' into sports so I spent the whole day playing catch with Conrad! And then, Günter came after having heard about it all from somewhere and yelled 'Let me be the one to dispel Your Majesty's 'sekshual desires!'" and threw a ball at me!

"Before I knew it, a bunch of soldiers from all over the castle came running yelling 'We need to help with dispelling His Majesty's 'sekshual desires'!' and started playing baseball! Next year they're apparently going to have the very first 'Sekshual Desire Dispelling Cup!'

"... I kind of feel like locking myself up somewhere..."

"Wonderful! Wonderful! You're really good at reading, Greta. The parts with His Majesty's feelings were so like him my heart sped up! Ah, but a father's diary always brings smiles no matter what age. When I was young, I read my father's diary in front of my mother. Ahaha, during the part where my father wrote a poem to his lover, my mother was so moved she cried. But, it turns out that that was the reason that the two of them separated two years later."

"Hey Wolf, have you seen my diary? I've been looking for it since yesterday, but I

can't find it anywhere."

"Which diary did you lose? 1: the gold diary. 2: the worldly desires diary. 3: the everyone-can-do-it diary with the bear cub stamp. 4: the diary of the seven robbed guys and big brother."

"N-number three. Three."

"Greta had that one. She was going to use it for her general reading practice. Just a while ago she went to go read it to Mothe-... Hey, what's wrong, Yuuri? They're just reading your diary. In the first place diaries are meant to be written with the expectation that people are going to read them, aren't they?"

Yuuri x Wolfram x Conrad x Günter

Life is a grab bag of luck, Yuu-chan. You don't know what's inside, what colors are inside, or whether it will look good on you until you open it. Lately there are some stores who let you look inside before you buy it, but Mama thinks that's heresy. It's not right for grab bags. Is the not-knowing what's inside that makes grab bags so exciting? Even if a scarf in an unflattering color comes out of it? Even if a dreadful miniskirt comes out? Even if...

"... that's what my mom said. She was acting like she was on the set of Forrest Gump with her 'life's like a box of chocolates,' but in reality she had just lost the New Year's lucky grab bag war and ended up with a bad bag... Hey now, why is there a sign on this room saying 'Lucky Bag Assembly In Progress Do Not Enter'? Demons have lucky grab bags too...?"

"We've had them for quite a while, lucky bags. We absolutely can't let uninvolved people see them being made so the process is generally not exposed much," Conrad explained.

"Ah, that's part of the system my mother supports about the inside of the bag being a mystery, huh? Well I guess that's true. If you find out what's inside you won't be as interested in buying it."

"What are you talking about, Yuuri? Lucky bags are things you excitedly open

and immerse yourself in nostalgia, not something that's bought and sold in a store," Wolfram said.

"Huh? Then where do you get them? In the mail?"

"You don't know how lucky bags are made!? This is why they say box-separating sons without common sense are useless."

"Box separating... what am I, a package getting shipped around?"

"Stop, Wolfram. His Majesty grew up in a different environment than we did. It's not unreasonable for him to not know. Your Majesty, lucky bags in The Great Demon Kingdom are containers that you put important things into and secretly bury in the ground in the middle of the night," Günter said.

"If you... bury it does something good happen? Does it sprout up into a flower with magic or something?"

"There's no way that a phenomenon that disregarded botany like that would happen. If any kind of flower blooms it would be when everyone gets together a hundred years later to open the lid. They say that a lot, don't they? That flowers grow from memories?"

"Wait, Wolf. That sounds a bit different than a lucky bag..."

"That reminds me, I feel like it's almost the time to open the lucky bag that Gwendal buried when he was a child," Günter said.

"Yeah, I heard that Anissina had already gone and opened it on her own. Josak said she was disappointed because it was filled with dog and cat collars for some reason."

"Hey yeah, that's not a lucky bag..."

"What!? She opened Brother's keepsakes in front of Gurrier!?"

"Um, like I said, isn't that just a normal time capsule... Wh-whatever! Time capsule, lucky bag, whatever! That aside, this room is where you're making lucky bags? What did everyone put in theirs? Let's see, Wolf's is... Huh? It's empty."

"That's because what's important to me is love and friendship. They aren't things you can stuff into a box or a bag."

"Wow, you said something kind of cool. You said something that's only okay because you're an orthodox pretty boy! C-Conrad, what are you going to put in yours? A cold joke to calm down the place?"

"A cold joke? Of course not. Hot, cool and witty conversation isn't something you leave behind written down. The spur-of-the-moment part is important."

“... Wow. So those jokes were overflowing with wit. Oh, but yours is empty too. Are you the type who thinks memories can’t be left behind in a physical form, too?”

“In my case, what’s most important to me is to step aside and watch over growth and to admire.”

“Ah, then you can’t bury that in the ground. You have to get a potted plant that you can keep in your room.”

“A potted plant...”

“What about Günter? What did you put in your lucky bag?”

“Unlike everyone else, I put in a lot of things. So much there was too much to choose from. Look, Your Majesty’s small portrait, Your Majesty’s personal scrawlings, Your Majesty’s drooled upon pillow, and then there’s Your Majesty’s hair, Your Majesty’s hand mirror with fingerprints, Your Majesty’s used hand towel and toothbrush. Ah, this is the piece of slate that Your Majesty scraped your knee on and blood happened to get on...”

“It’s kind of turning into a bag of evidence from a crime scene...”

Anissina x Gwendal

“Alright, Gwendal. On this day heading straight to the height of winter, I have reached a new level in magic-powered inventions and did a little research into the annual event called ‘Balentine’ from the land where His Majesty was raised.”

“What is that ‘Balentine’ thing? The name of a temple?” (1)

“Of course not. The proper name is ‘Don’t say that, it’s Balentines Day.’ His Majesty calls this ‘cocao.’”

“... Cocao...”

“They take the powder from berries from a shrub called a ‘caco’ plant and turn it into a granulated confection...” (2)

“Food... ugh, it’s bitter. Is it poison!? Have I been poisoned again!?”

“How rude. As if Poison Lady Anissina would use such a humdrum poison that you would instantly realize what it was the moment you put it into your mouth. It is not something bad for your body. That bitterness is the Balentine flavor.

Well wait, even though it is food, this is not the way to use it. Balentine personal trophy, come on!"

"... Personal trophy... Hey, hey hey wait wait. That animal horn – or thorn, those hooves, those round eyes, is that the beast that shows up in girl's dreams? A unicorn?"

"Yes, it is an uni. For all intents and purposes, they have multiplied too much and they are pests that lay waste to plantations."

"This is the first time I've seen a real one. It really has a lot of thorns... horns."

"Because it is an uni." (3)

"It looks like there's a lot of brain matter inside."

"Because it is an uni. Now step back, Gwendal! This is not the time to be entranced. Now we need to throw these granulated 'caco' beans at the uni for the Balentine ceremony! And mercilessly at that!"

"What!? There's really a ceremony like that!? Wait! Wait, Anissina!"

"Gweendaal, what are you doing in the corner?"

"*rustlerustle*... I-I will not forgive any evil person who would torment small creatures! Um, *rustlerustle*... I-I'm the strict, middle-aged warrior, Gwe Dal!"

"... Oh my. Gwendal, you really are *just* like your mother. But anyway, I have always thought you were incredibly slow at changing, but to have this much difficulty in putting on those scant clothes, what sort of horrible skil-." (to be continued)

(1) Balentine here is written in kanji (馬連太院) which is a mashup for the pronunciation of Valentine to show that Anissina doesn't really know what it is and is pronouncing it wrong. The reason why Gwendal asked if it was the name of a temple is because the kanji mean 'rubbing pad grand temple.'

(2) In the original Japanese, Anissina had misheard cocoa as 'edokko' which is a person who was born and raised in Edo, the old name for Tokyo. She misheard the plant name as 'okaka' which is a type of chopped up fish.

(3) Uni are sea urchins.

Murata x Yuuri

[Spoiler \(click to open\)](#)

“How about Las Vegas?”

“Huh?” Shibuya answered with bloodshot eyes and a gloomy voice as he took one of my french fries. He quickly dips it into the onion dip. All while saying he doesn’t eat french fries after I asked him ‘what about the sauce?’

“Okay, okay, you’re in a bad mood because you didn’t get enough sleep.”

“That’s not it.”

The reason he was in a bad mood wasn’t only because he didn’t get enough sleep. He was disappointed in his test scores.

As soon as the last of the final exams was over, Shibuya called me. From a friend’s cellphone.

When he couldn’t get to a payphone, he sometimes did that sort of thing.

Thanks to that, the email and phone number of that classmate could always be found in my phone’s call history without fail. In other words, my phone number was also in the other phone’s call history several times.

“This is bad! If things go like this I’ll be held back a year!” he yelled in a panic. I had brought him out to the station to have an intervention by telling him that there was something in this world called a make-up exam system to resurrect the defeated.

Coincidentally, my academic year had mostly ended last week. Compared to public schools, the schedule at private schools is faster.

“You can’t blame me. I tutored you properly before the exams and even offered my room to you yesterday because you said your brother kept on butting in at home and you couldn’t study. Despite that, what exactly did you do all night?”

“... Well your room is... too jam-packed with things.”

“To think that you were so weak against temptation.”

Shibuya groaned while lying prostrate on the table. He had spent all night entrenched in a new game console.

“You weren’t like that before, right? Wasn’t your room more suitable for studying for exams before?”

"I got a little bothered by that and tried rearranging. I cleared my mind, too."

"Even so."

"Anyway, what about Las Vegas?"

"What are you talking about? And what's up with you? Why are you saying carefree things like 'how's Vegas?' with all of these Rurubu and Mapple travel pamphlets piled up in front of you!?" (1)

"The graduation trip."

As soon as he heard those three words, Shibuya suddenly picked up his head. I can no longer see the whorl of hair on his head that was in plain view a moment ago.

"Huh!? The graduation trip!?"

"You don't need to freak out so much. Don't you have a passport? You can have Elvis sing you Love Me Tender in Vegas, you know. He'll be an impersonator, though."

"Wait a minute, Murata. Your school has a graduation trip at the end of the first year!? You don't go through second and third year before that or take any exams or do any job hunting!? Or are you forming travel plans for a trip two years from now?"

Planning events is the most fun part. Having my fun get rained on, my voice turned a little disgruntled.

"Alright then, the end of the year trip is okay too."

"Like I was saying, I don't even know if I can even pass this grade!"

"It's alright."

'How!?' he mouthed.

It seems like he's trying to say that my response sounded so irresponsible it took his voice away.

"Because you always have low self-esteem. But anyway, there are Bengal tigers there. You can see them 24 hours a day."

"I don't care about tigers. Forgetting that, how can you say that so decisively. It's a test / took."

Ignoring the picture in the guidebook, Shibuya leaned forward on the table. Right now, he might start asking God for an explanation even just for drawing a lucky fortune at a temple lottery."

"Whatever you say, you'll still pass. It's just that you're only focusing on the

questions you couldn't answer so you don't realize how many you just got right. You at least got enough to scrape together a passing grade."

"R-really?"

"That's what I think. Okay, so assuming I have airfare, I can just earn hotel fare and money for souvenirs over there. I'll definitely win at blackjack. That game is all about probability, after all."

"Aren't minors not allowed to gamble?"

"Oh, that's right. Shame. Then it's Switzerland. You and I were the only ones who didn't get to go last time. Ah, it's okay even if you don't get a part-time job. For the time being, I'll handle travel expenses."

"Wait!" Shibuya slapped his hand down on the table so hard the iced coffee almost bounced in the air. "Why are you talking about travelling all of a sudden? Because it's spring? Because it's the season? Or because you saw it on TV? You, did you write down overseas travel as a hobby!?"

I went too far. These emotions are hard to handle. If you don't know them then you won't want or yearn for them, but once you do, you can never let them go. Your biggest fear becomes being alone again. Friendship is like the drugs that that woman drowned in after losing everything trying to grab a hold of her dreams.

"... Was that too much?"

For the slightest moment, he almost asked what I meant. But, he immediately returned to his usual, honest expression.

"That's not it. It's really too much for you to take care of the travel expenses."

And then, after finally seeming to have calmed down, he spoke while taking a printout of the exam questions out of his bag and spread it out in between the guidebooks.

"Okay, let's go. Let's go somewhere. However, the schedule and departure are going to be after the make-up exams. And, our destination should be Izu or Hakone or somewhere a little easier for a first-year in high school to get to."

"Huh? I won't say anything bad about Izu or Hakone, but aren't places like that better for when you're older? We should go to Switzerland. *Switzerland*. Look, the Lion of Lucerne. And look, Matterhorn. It'll help you get a passing mark on your history make-up." I tap the bundle of pamphlets with my finger and try saying something like from a commercial. "Isn't it faster to just go see?"

"... You know, Murata," Yuuri says after taking the cap off of his red pen and putting it back on again in a meaningless gesture and sinking down into the prostrate position on the table he started out in. "What I'm worried about is math."

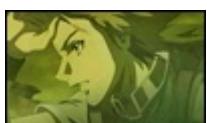
I wonder if I bought a guidebook for Greece.

(1) Rurubu and Mapple are travel agencies.

... Two of these stories were really kind of scandalous XD Anyway, there are four more pages of these. The third to last story is one with Adalbert and Maxine so I'm really interested in that one. Also, still haven't heard from Lrenne so I'm going to just start on chapter 3~

Tags: [kkm translation](#), [misc kkm](#)

Current Location: [Home!](#)



Current Mood: hopeful

Current Music: World's End by MUCC

Mini-Mini 12 - Let's Speak Keigo Night!

Let's Speak Keigo Night! [1] [edit]

Also: Let's not speak Keigo! (It's a pun)





When Gwendal came in, almost running, I was in the wide kitchen of the castle, receiving military training camp cooking lessons. To put it simply it was a "Let's turn you into a master at cooking the typical training camp dinners" lesson.

Men who can cook dinner are pretty cool, that's my mother's opinion. If you ask me, men who can play baseball are way cooler but, that doesn't seem to be the popular public opinion.

If I look at it like from that point of view, Conrad is someone who can cook but in this case, the popular public opinion is different. He himself says "Back in the training camps I could make pretty decent stews", and the soldiers that graduated from military school, all of them, could make stews at about this level.

"That's because when you do it the military way, you doesn't use high quality ingredients. Well... usually the ingredients are gathered locally. The meat you use may be rabbit meat or mouse meat. If you're unskilled you'll make it with no ingredients."

"A curry with no ingredients... wouldn't that just be a soup? And by the way, this curry is white..."

"That's because today I added a lot of goat milk into it. On Earth you also have white curry, right? But the scary part about soldier's food is not its color, but the fact that no matter what type of meat you use, it will taste reasonably good. "

And while I was thinking "Then both of your brothers can make tasty mountain-mice curry?", Gwendal came rushing in.

And as a bonus he said: "Your Majesty"

Lord von Voltaire's "Your Majesty" usually carries a hidden meaning. But today it was different. Today, it seemed like it was spoken out of utter panic.

"What does this mean?! What is this "Speak Keigo Night Order"?! Must the soldiers really follow that order!?

A Speak Keigo Night Order? Is what I wanted to ask. I don't remember giving that order and besides it's still noon , it's not nighttime... But at that time, I had goat meat stewed in wine in my mouth and on top of that Conrad had just asked me "Is it soft already?"

So inevitably I replied : "Yes."

If Conrad would have asked me "Is it still hard?", then my answer would have been "No."

When he heard my positive answer, the color of Gwendal's face changed. No, but it was just a little, just a little.

On the other hand, as soon as his subordinate who was tagging along right behind him heard what I had said, he became very excited.

"See! Look... your Excellency, see? Didn't I tell you? You have to speak to his Majesty using Keigo. Since the higher ranked officers use casual talk all the time, his Majesty came up with this innovative "Speak Keigo Night Order". This wonderful idea has brought all of Shin Makoku's soldiers to tears. That's how moved they were. Of course, I was too."

All of the soldiers, he said. I thought it would be just among the relatives at home. Besides, he changed what I said a little bit.

But I couldn't correct him. This was because once I had completely swallowed the soft meat and my mouth was empty, right at that time.....

"This is today's secret ingredient"

I was given a spoon full of fruit. It was a ripened tropical-looking orange fruit that without chewing seemed to melt on your tongue.

That's why when Gwendal, with a frightened face, shouted his question at me; I answered in a way that he misinterpreted.

"You... You don't mean all the soldiers, right?! Like, senior officers and nobles would be exempted of this..."

"Sweet" (To Gwendal: How naive!) [\[2\]](#)

Whether my thoughts were expressed properly [\[3\]](#) or not, Gwendal was stunned.

"Now, you see, Excellency. Since your Majesty says so, his Excellency has to speak to Gurrier-chan using Keigo too~!" [\[4\]](#)

"Shut up Gurrier, don't meddle ! I'm talking with his Majesty"

"Wrong, Excellency! Keigo, Keigo! You should say "Please do not meddle in this affair", right?

Gwendal was becoming visibly cranky. If you one would have put a kettle on his head, the water would have boiled in a minute.

"That's right! That's right! It's discourteous in the presence of His Majesty the Maou, right? If in the presence of his Majesty all of the soldier's under his command speak to each other as equals, there won't be any discipline or anything, and they'll become noisy fools, and that will be uncomfortable for His Majesty! That's how it is, right your Majesty? You don't want to be uncomfortable right?

His eyes desperately begged me to say "Yes".

But unfortunately at that time, when my mouth finished tasting the fruit that was the secret ingredient, a moderately hot potato entered my mouth...

I'm sorry Gwendal. But because Conrad asked me "Is it hot?", both questions

overlapped and I replied:

"Ih okah~" (To Gwendal: I don't mind.)

Then of course Gwendal couldn't be uncomfortable either?! and while he was appalled, Josak couldn't hide his smile any longer, boasting. It was as if he was saying "So it's settled!"

"And so and so, Excellency~, about that matter involving the vacations..."

And then to top it all off, Gurrier-chan put his hands on both of his superior's shoulders from behind, and he even rested his chin on them. You don't do that when speaking either Keigo or casually.

"Let go! Don't you dare rest... your... Could you not rest your chin on me!?"

"That's not Keigo, that's just expressing one's desire, right?"

Conrad's arm which was slightly touching my shoulders, trembled impatiently. He was desperately trying to hold back his laughter.

Even so, Gwendal somehow managed to keep his dignity, and after clearing his throat a bit, he said the following in a calm voice:

"Please be inclined so as to not rest your chin on me"

"Alright, alright"

That was somewhat expected. With a desolated face he said it uncomfortably, and it was somewhat anticlimactic.

However Josak would drop a ridiculous bomb on him with his next sentence.

Gurrier-chan's shrugged shoulders turned into two open arms, and told his superior Lord von Voltaire the following:

"Stop making such a face, Gwen"

Then something terrible happened. After I swallowed that soft tropical fruit and my mouth was empty, I used the spoon that I had in my hand.

In a comically way, I blew the almost perfectly stewed curry off the spoon.

"Ah... I'm... sorry" (To Gwendal: Chin.. put up with it...)

Conrad, who was holding the dishcloth, bent forward holding his stomach,

while his back trembled slightly. Only Josak, who's quick for these things continued:

"So anyways, Gwendal~ I want more days off for the holidays. Because I'm renovating both the store in the capital and the one back at home. [5] I need at least 3 days for each. Ah~! And before the renovations, I have to serve drinks. If you want Gwen, you too can come and visit us, you know? Hey, hey, are you listening to me Gwen?"

It seems he couldn't take it any longer and after his name was called Lord von Voltaire's brain stopped and his body became as stiff as that of a wax model.

But the most surprising thing was when Conrad turned to his brother who was frozen with his mouth open and said:

"Do you want to try some?"

Their night would at some point break into dawn, right?

References[edit]

- ↑ I decided not to translate "Keigo". Instead I'll explain what Keigo is. In Japanese there's a "respectful language" called Keigo. Anyone who works in retail uses "Keigo" with their customers. Also, you use this language when you talk to really important people. Among friends and relatives nobody uses Keigo. If a person is working for you, you don't use Keigo with them, but they use keigo with you.
- ↑ What Yuuri says can be interpreted in two ways. 1) The answer to Conrad's questions (what he's actually doing) and 2) The answer to Gwendal's questions.
- ↑ Takabayashi-sensei uses the word "sweet" (amai) to say that part about expressing himself properly.

4. ↑ A higher ranked officer never uses Keigo with their subordinates.
5. ↑ He's talking about the bars where he works. One in the Voltaire territory and the other one in the capital.